

THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1844.

AN ADDRESS.

THE perusal of the very interesting report of the proceedings and speeches at the grand *soirée* of the Manchester *Athenæum* has determined us to pursue, in the future management of THE CRITIC, a course which we have long contemplated, but which, fearing that there was a lack of sympathy for such sentiments in our matter-of-fact and money-getting age, we had hesitated to enter upon.

That meeting, and the cordial welcome with which its sayings and doings have been hailed by the press of all parties, has inspired in us a hopeful courage; and in the trust that there is a wide field of usefulness as yet lying fallow, but which waits only the casting of the seed to teem with fertility, we throw doubt to the winds and dedicate THE CRITIC to the great and glorious work.

With politics in any shape we have no concern: sect and party are alike unknown to these pages. The subjects that engage the attention of a Literary Journal ought to be treated as of universal interest. THE CRITIC inquires not from what faction any work has come, by that standard to measure its judgment. Has it intrinsic worth? Is there in it truth or beauty? Is the doctrine it develops capable of universal application, or does the sentiment appeal to the great heart of humanity? These are all it asks.

But while with politics we hold no communion, using that term in its narrow meaning as descriptive of the contests of party, *philosophy*, in its widest range, ethical, moral, economical, is entirely within our province.

This explanation was necessary to avoid a charge which some persons might have thoughtlessly preferred against us of advocating the *politics* of a party because occasionally we sympathize with and support their *philosophy*. The homage so eloquently paid to literature by Mr. D'ISRAELI, Mr. SMYTHE, Lord JOHN MANNERS, and Mr. COBDEN at the Manchester gathering, and the claims they advanced for it, are not new to us; they have long been maintained, and when opportunity offered, avowed; the reception given to them when coming from such men and clothed in such pomp of words, revives the hope that a Literary Journal which shall steadfastly represent the interests and claims of Literature and those engaged in it, may find favour with the public, and thus be the means of accomplishing some good within its sphere.

Premising, then, that with the *politics* of "YOUNG ENGLAND" we have no concern, we proceed to set before the readers of THE CRITIC, as shortly as we can state them, the views which it is our design to expound and to promulgate.

It will at least be admitted that they are peculiarly within the scope and province of a journal of literature.

The principles we propose to advocate are these:—

I. Universal Education, but in a somewhat different sense from that in which the term has hitherto been used. Experience has proved that the Useful Knowledge Societies erred in this, that the education they diffused was partial, informing only the reasoning faculties and neglecting to tutor the tastes and the feelings. The education we advocate is of a larger and loftier kind; the cultivation of the sentiments, the refinement of the tastes; in short, a *literary*, instead of a purely *scientific* education.

II. As a means to this end, the encouragement of na-

tional amusements, such as the spread of music and the fine arts among all classes of the people.

III. The more frequent and cordial mingling of the various ranks of society in those public amusements which all might partake, and to make *literature* the common ground on which all may meet.

IV. To demand for Literature and Literary Men a higher place than they at present occupy in the social scale; to vindicate for intellect its claims to a share of the public honours and trusts that are now monopolized by mere partisans.

V. For these purposes, to endeavour to form a cordial union of all the literary men in the United Kingdom, as a means of cultivating among them a kindlier and more generous spirit one towards another than they can now boast, and to encourage them to make combined efforts for the exaltation of their class to its proper place as the natural leaders of society.

Such, rudely outlined, are the views, the promulgation of which we propose to attempt in THE CRITIC. They are strictly within its province; and that their development may be more steadily pursued, and the character of a Journal of Literature and literary men better sustained, it is our purpose to introduce the formal leading articles of a Journal, but of course limited to such topics as these or others equally within the province of Literature and Art.

As THE CRITIC is the only Journal that proposes to be for Literature and Authors what the *Lancet* is for the medical, the *Law Times* for the legal, and the *Church and State Gazette* for the clerical Professions, it trusts to receive their active support, and it is hoped that a feature so new will prove to be an additional attraction to the public.

But we must not forget the speeches to which we are indebted for the assurance that the views we had so long cherished might hope for sympathy and encouragement. Above we have briefly stated their substance. But in the speeches at Manchester they were expounded with such brilliancy of language, and put so forcibly, that we cannot better explain whatever there may be obscure in the propositions we have stated, than by extracting some of the passages which serve to illustrate them.

Mr. D'ISRAELI asserted a sentiment in which every friend of literature will cordially concur:—

There are some among us now, I know, who believe that the period has arrived when a great effort must be made to emancipate this country from the degrading thralldom of faction—(Long and continued cheering)—to terminate, if possible, that extreme, that sectarian, and limited view, in which all human conduct is examined, observed, and criticized—to put an end to exclusiveness; which, in its peculiar sphere, is equally deleterious as that aristocratical exclusiveness of manners which has produced so much evil: and, as far as I can form an opinion, these views have met with sympathy from every part of the country.

Education must be enlarged and the loftier faculties cultivated. We have been taught that "knowledge is power," we have yet to learn that "knowledge is pleasure."

Mr. SMYTHE hoped that the meeting was the first public avowal of a new and noble principle—a resolve to do justice to literature and literary men in a land where they have been too long neglected:—

It seems to me, with a spirit worthy of a younger and freer age, you have resolved to proffer to the author and the man of letters a reward of a simpler and less sordid character than the pay of this newspaper or the hire of that review. Or, with yet more profound and farsighted intentions, you may have resolved to redress the anomalies of a country, which is governed by its journals, but where the names of its journalists are never mentioned—of a country where, by the most unhappy of conversions, it is the inventions which make the fortune, and it is the inventors who starve—of a country where, if a man of science aspires to its honours, the suffrage of his fellow-citizens, that man of science will poll by units, where the mere politician poll by hundreds. And it seems especially meet and right and fitting that

you, the men of Manchester, should correct these evils, because there is an old, an intimate, and natural alliance between literature and commerce. It is in virtue of this alliance that you cannot but regard with sympathy the homage which you see done by foreigners to letters. Why, the very ambassadors whom they send to this Court are so many reproaches to our neglect of them. Who is the Ambassador from Russia?—a man who has risen by his pen. Who from Sweden?—the historian of British India. Who from Prussia?—a professor. Who from Belgium?—a man who has risen by literature. Who from France?—an author and an historian. Who from America?—an author and professor. But it requires no extraordinary spell of divination to prophesy to the literature which shall derive its impulse from such a meeting as the present—which shall result from such incentives—which shall be fostered and encouraged by such sympathy as yours—a destiny yet more lasting and auspicious; because, as it will not be patronized by monarchs, nor fashioned by nobles, nor confined by prejudice, so it will be free, independent, universal, and above all, tolerant, as your own free, independent, universal, and tolerant commerce.

These are high aspirations, and some may be inclined to deem them visionary. We believe the principles upon which they are based to be true, and therefore enduring—that they are already stirring the hearts of men, and soon will find voice and shape. The field which *THE CRITIC* proposes to occupy is, as yet, untenanted. Of the only two literary journals in the British empire, one represents (most ably, certainly) the cold utilitarian philosophy of our fathers, the other the twaddle of our grandfathers. *THE CRITIC* belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country. To them we appeal for support and sympathy in the task, from which, having put our hands to it, with Heaven's blessing we will not turn back.

It may be a further assurance to repeat to our many new subscribers that which was originally stated to our first friends. The ultimate design of *THE CRITIC* is yet far from being developed. As soon as the number of its subscribers shall justify the increased expenses, *THE CRITIC* will take its place among the *weekly* journals, and then, with doubled space, it will, we trust, be made a complete epitome of the literature and art of the age at home and abroad, and the powerful advocate of those interests which have now many tongues but no voice.

If subscribers continue to come in as they have of late, a very few months, it may be weeks, will enable us to adopt the improvement so much desired, but which we defer till it can be made with assurance that it will be permanent.

Since the above was written, we have seen an address by Mr. D'ISRAELI, at Bingley, from which we must gather a few passages pertinent to the subject of this article.

The fact is (said he) that society, like man, has an immortal soul. That is a truth which, for the last fifty years, seems to have escaped the attention of our rulers. All that they aimed at was the material comfort of the people, and that, necessarily on their part, has often been left to chance; but to suppose that a nation has affections, that it has a heart that can be appealed to with success, and which, if they do not appeal to that nature, must be unhappy, and that they must cherish and cultivate those feelings, was a truth nearly forgotten, and the result has proved, that that bundle of sticks which, while bound together, none could break, became dismembered, and has singly been split into lucifer matches. (Laughter and applause.) What we desire is this—that England should become once more a nation, and not a mere collection of classes, who seem to think that they have nothing in common, no interest which it behoves all of them to unite together for, and no pursuit which it is the duty of all of them at the same time to cultivate.

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We were asked what we want; we have no mystery in telling what we want. We want to put an end to that political and social exclusiveness which we believe to be the bane of the country. Where there is exclusiveness there cannot be sympathy; where there is no sympathy we hold no society can be safe. This is what we want; perhaps we want much more; that is enough at present to communicate to the public. We do not care to talk politics, or to say that we can remedy every evil;

we have our opinion on great public subjects, and whenever these are brought out in the Senate, we will, with all fairness, and with moderation, express those opinions, and if they are true they will be adopted. (Cheers.) But we are profoundly impressed with this conviction, that it is not so much by law as by manners—that we must look to the influence of manners and not law to remedy many of the grievances and much of the injury of our people. (Cheers.) We believe, then, in the influence of manners; but how are they to influence men if they are divided into classes, and the population of the country becomes a body of sects, and are never brought together? We believe that when the farmer and the manufacturer—the land proprietor and the great mill-owner—when he who employs and he who is employed—are brought together; when they communicate their opinions—when they express their feelings, if there is a sympathy of intelligent sentiment, not only would better feeling pervade all classes, but we believe that many will discover that really they are rather differing about phrases than facts.

And we are satisfied that the field upon which this reunion can alone be effected is the open one of LITERATURE and ART, where people of all countries, and sects, and parties, and classes, can meet in their common character of MAN, and, in the ennobling pleasures of mind, forget for the time that there is any other difference between them than that which God has made.

A HINT.

WE venture to submit to the Authors and Artists of the United Kingdoms, in the first instance, and then to the people, a proposition which we have long entertained, but have waited only the command of such a medium as this for making it public.

Our design is to raise a magnificent monument of British genius and to apply the profits of it to the purposes of charity.

We propose to do this by the publication of a work, which shall contain specimens of the genius of every author and artist of repute among our countrymen, and exhibit every various style of art, and the richest products of typography.

To be published in parts, at as moderate a price as the extent of its sale will permit.

The profits, after proper remuneration of the authors and artists contributing, to be applied to that most meritorious of charities—the Literary Fund.

We believe that not merely for the intrinsic worth and interest of such a work, but for the sake of the charity to which it will be dedicated, it would receive the support of the wealth and intellect of the land, and that a list of subscribers sufficient to make success certain would patronize the undertaking.

We submit the scheme for reflection and discussion, and shall be glad to receive suggestions, opinions, and promises of support. That it is feasible we are satisfied; that it is one which, if well done, would reflect honour upon our age and country, and greatly benefit the admirable charity to which it is dedicated, nobody can doubt.

We call upon YOUNG ENGLAND to give us its cordial aid in the accomplishment of this work.

MISS MARTINEAU.

It will, we are sure, give very great pleasure to our readers to be informed that Miss MARTINEAU, who has been for so many years labouring under a distressing disorder, to which neither herself nor her friends anticipated any other than a fatal termination, has almost recovered her health, so far, indeed, as to be enabled to walk three miles in a day.

This restoration to the world of one of its most gifted intellects and noble minds has been accomplished by the agency of Mesmerism. Miss MARTINEAU was among the unbelievers, but, hearing it recommended, and deeming it to be her duty to make trial of any thing that might relieve agonies for which her physicians told her *they* could find no remedy, she submitted herself to the mesmeric treatment of Mr.

JONES. It has proved entirely successful, and in the course of a few weeks, the health, to which she has been so long a stranger, has been restored to the accomplished authoress.

For some time she was unwilling to make her case public, fearing that it might be but a temporary revival; but recovery has so far advanced that she has felt it to be her duty no longer to withhold from the afflicted of her fellow-creatures the existence of so great a blessing. Accordingly, she authorized WILLIAM HOWITT to publish the fact, which he has done in an interesting communication to the *Atlas* of Saturday last. He hints that Miss MARTINEAU will probably take an early opportunity of writing a minute description of her own case, and from the known power of her mind, it will be the most valuable testimony yet given to the truth of Mesmerism.

We hope, in our next, to be enabled to lay before our readers some further particulars of this interesting event.

LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, &c. By the Marchioness of LONDONDERRY. London, 1844. Colborn.

A SKETCH by a mere tyro, ignorant of first principles, frequently conveys a more accurate idea of what a place really is, than a picture by an experienced artist. The latter makes no scruple of giving a more elegant *contour* to his foliage, and breaking the monotony of his hedges and foreground by inserting a rock or a tree which has no existence elsewhere. The tyro, on the contrary, has no notion of "*snatching a grace beyond the reach of fact*;" he simply depicts objects as he sees them, and the objects *only* which he sees. Thus "the plain, unvarnished tale" of the Marchioness of LONDONDERRY, meagre as it is, presents, we suspect, a more correct impression of the persons and places described, than the more artistic but embellished portraiture of practised writers.

This narrative comprehends two separate tours made by the Marquess and Marchioness of LONDONDERRY in the autumns of 1839 and 1840. Though the latter takes precedence in the letter-press, we shall consider them chronologically, and notice "The Tour to the Peninsula" first.

After a boisterous passage, not unattended with danger, our travellers reach Lisbon, from the noise and filth of which they take refuge in a trip to Cintra,

"*Damned to eternal fame*"

by the Convention of 1808, which gave rise to the following epigram:—

*Sir Arthur and Sir Harry, Sir Harry and Sir Hugh—
Sing cock-a-doodle—cock-a-doodle—cock-a-doodle-doo!
Sir Arthur* is a brave knight—but for the other two,
Sing cock-a-doodle—cock-a-doodle—cock-a-doodle doo!*

At Lisbon our tourists embark for Cadiz, the coolness and cleanliness of which form an agreeable contrast to the heat and squalor of the Portuguese capital. At Seville they witness a bull-fight. The Marchioness strips this *spectacle* of much of "that pomp and circumstance" poets and writers are accustomed to invest it with, but admits it to be a very exciting, though revolting exhibition. On their return to Cadiz, the party proceed, in Mr. BENTINCK's yacht, to Tangiers, the description of which recent events have rendered doubly interesting. The Basha grants them an audience.

At the appointed time, the whole party set forth. The gentlemen proceeded on foot, having made themselves as smart as circumstances would permit. I was mounted on a small white horse, and felt conscious of being a most extraordinary figure; the Consul having desired that I should put on jewels (as a mark of respect to the Basha), which certainly were ill-

suited to my travelling gown and old straw poke-bonnet. We were accompanied by an aged, fat interpreter, and a beautiful Jewess, in the rich costume of her nation; her black eyelashes and brows were deeply dyed; she wore double earrings, and one pair were as thick and as large as Indian bangles or bracelets. Her little feet were bare, with the exception of red velvet and gold slippers, and even these she was obliged to take off in Moorish presence. Passing the Mosque with her slippers on, and hearing herself cursed, she darted forward, turned very pale, and then informed us that this malediction was in consequence of her not being bare-footed while on holy ground. We ascended a very steep hill, on the top of which stands the old Moorish castle. The courts were filled with Arabs and extraordinary-looking beings. After waiting a few minutes, we were ushered into the marble patio, where, without attendants, the Basha received us. Three carpets, each less than the one below it, and a folded blanket, formed the seat on which he sat, or rather squatted, holding his feet, and apparently counting his toes. He was wrapped in white muslin and a haick. His turban was white as driven snow; his eyes fine; his countenance intelligent, and his skin sallow. A small semicircle of chairs was placed, to which he pointed, and desired us to take possession; and we were introduced by the consul, attended by the interpreter. According to the Eastern fashion of bringing a gift in the hand, as a mark of respect and honour, we had understood that an offering to the amount of forty dollars was to be made in the shape of a robe, or turban, or tea and sugar; but this the Basha declined with some little pique, saying, that as the English, in consequence of orders from their Government, had declined his presents, he could not receive any from that nation.

Some conversation on Eastern politics arose; and assuredly he did not express flattering opinions as to France. After a little time a black boy conducted Miss Hay, myself, and the beautiful Jewess to a garden, where, in a summer-house, we found the Basha's three wives and two children crouching on the ground. The Jewess kissed them, and seated herself beside them; and two chairs were placed for us, the black boy, Hadjee, standing by. Any thing so hideous as these ladies I never beheld.

Our travellers next visit Gibraltar, Algesiris, and Ceuta, at which latter place they are more fortunate than a certain Cheshire squire, who, on his way to England, stopped at Ceuta to purchase a barb. The barb ran away with him, carried him some distance into the interior, where he was seized by the Moors, who refused to release him until he promised them a considerable sum if they would escort him back to Ceuta. Here they found the gates closed. News of the plague having broken out had just been received; all communication was cut off. The Spanish officer on guard threatened to fire on the party if they did not instantly retire. Here was a dilemma! What was to be done? The Moors soon determined. They seized the unfortunate Squire and popped him into durance, where he was kept on bread and water until he could negotiate his ransom, which he was only able to effect in time to reach home the ensuing Christmas; just eight months later than he had calculated upon.

At Malaga our voyagers are joined by Lord and Lady WILTON, with whom they set out on a pilgrimage to the Alhambra; bivouacking on the way at a farm belonging to the Duke of WELLINGTON, whose agent, General O'LALOR, acts as cicerone. There is nothing sufficiently striking in Lady L.'s account of this fine old Moorish relic to justify an extract, but for the benefit of those who contemplate a similar expedition, we subjoin the following:—

I should have mentioned that we had already discovered that in this liberal country our best plan was to apply to the judge, or alcade, who was all-powerful, and made no ceremony of clearing a venta, or even a private house, by immediate or forcible ejectment. At one place, El Colmenor, he had come to our assistance unasked, and, in a few minutes, had turned everybody out of the kitchen, and every mule out of the

* The Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley.

stable; kicking and cuffing all who came in his way, and knocking down any individual who wore a hat in his presence. So much for the justice and equity of this well-governed country, where our escort loudly and constantly sung "*Viva la Constitution.*"

A visit to Carthage, Barcelona, Marseilles, and Toulon occupies the residue of this tour.

In the succeeding autumn the Marquis and Marchioness, with their family, embark for Rotterdam. At Nuremberg, the King of Bavaria refuses to receive the Marquess; an act which the previous intimacy between the parties renders the more ungracious. It appears Lord COMBERMERE met with a similar refusal. Embarking on the Danube, our travellers pass the magnificent and stately Valhalla, to which we have already drawn the attention of our readers as a work well worthy of national emulation. At Vienna, the Marquess meets with a more cordial reception from old friends, particularly Prince METTERNICH, of whom the Marchioness remarks:—

I found the Prince's manner unchanged; the same peculiar calmness still distinguished him. His form is yet erect, but his eye less brilliant; the face had lengthened, the hair was silvered; in short time had been at work. The expression of the mind was there, but the fire was abated.

Is not the following too much in the style of Lady MORGAN?—

I sat between Prince Metternich (*who led me into dinner*) and Prince Tablonowski.

Why chronicle this? To us it appears a matter of course—no more than her ladyship's due.

Quitting the Austrian capital, our travellers once more commit themselves to "the dark rolling Danube." This river, as it becomes better known, bids fair to supersede the Rhine in the estimation of tourists. The Marchioness, and all who have recently written on the subject, agree that the scenery on the Danube is, on the whole, wilder and grander than any through which the "imperial river" rolls its waters. A magnificent road is now in progress from Drencova; more commodious steamers will, doubtless, be started, and suitable hotels arise, as the traffic and number of passengers increase. At present nothing can be more inconvenient or more wretched, in all respects, than the navigation of this grand artery; and our voyagers had abundant reason to felicitate themselves when a fair wind in an open sea bore them to the Bosphorus.

For the reason adduced, and the superior facilities enjoyed by Lady LONDONERRY, we consider her account of Constantinople as conveying a more correct idea of what it really is than that of any recent writer; and this the rather as her ladyship alludes on more than one occasion to the exaggeration which prevails in Miss PARDOE's descriptions. Her ladyship "cannot see the Spanish fleet, because 'tis not in sight," and we like her the better for it. We take her account of the harem of RESCHID PASHA *au pied de la lettre*:—

In his harem there are several slaves, but he has only one wife, who, being the mother of his five sons, is much considered and respected. Her eyes are dark and fine, and she must have been handsome, but is now no longer young; and, wearing no stays and being large, her figure is most extraordinary. Her costume was frightful; it consisted of long striped loose trousers, a brown jacket, and the *antery* trailing like a fan after her. The whole dress was of cotton, and a dark handkerchief on her head, with a feather stuck over one ear and a flower over the other completed her attire. The stairs were covered with the finest mats, and at the top we found Reschid Pasha, who by some mistake had expected me at the other entrance. He conducted me to a room covered with English carpets, and lighted up with wax candles. In the middle was a large bright brass brasier, and round the sides ran a high divan of cushions, covered with magnificent cloth of gold and deep gold fringe. I was placed on a low ottoman in the centre of the room near the *khanau*, or mistress of the house; and

Reschid seated himself on some cushions opposite Madame Franchini, and the slaves standing at the bottom of the room near the door. Reschid presented his sons to me one by one, inquired after my precious health, and after Lord L.'s; asked how I liked Constantinople, and what I had seen; wished to know how many children I had, &c. He speaks French perfectly, but, like all Turks, is slow, grave, and solemn. Reschid soon retired, saying that he prevented the other ladies from coming in, and half a dozen women appeared and squatted on the ground. Much civility passed between them and the *khanau*, who requested them to occupy seats, which they declined. Sweetmeats were handed to me, which I tasted, and was very glad to swallow a glass of cold water afterwards. Coffee was then brought in cups, not bigger than a thimble, placed in a little jewelled holder: a slave (the jester or buffoon) then ran in, depositing herself at my feet. They asked me various questions; among others, how long I had been married. I replied, "So long I could not tell." They then made me some compliments, and inquired if I had travelled much, and how long it had taken me to come from England. When I said two months, their horror and pity knew no bounds. They asked me what I did to my skin to prevent the sun burning it; they requested to look at my jewels, and all gathered round me; the jester tried them in her head-dress, which produced peals of laughter. They then felt my clothes, and at length Madame Reschid, finding something hard under my gown, made signs of wishing to see it. Accordingly, my watch was drawn out, to their infinite amusement. By this time I counted above twenty women, some crouching on the floor, some sitting, others standing, and all chattering, gazing, and asking questions. I was amazed to observe among these women an absence of all pretensions to good looks; they were plain, dirty, shapeless, and I might almost add disgusting. All their dresses were of cotton; some had jackets trimmed with fur, and one enormous woman, who evidently considered herself a beauty, wore nothing but transparent muslin to her waist. Two slaves near the door sung, or rather bawled, while another played on the tamborine. I was then led into the adjoining room, a sort of hall, covered with the finest mats, and from thence conducted to the bath, the cooling-room, and the marble fountains, with the two sources for hot and cold water. The excessive heat made me pant, which amused them extremely; they all ran and waddled about, with their long trains trailing after them, and without shoes or slippers; and, having shewn me the house, which is quite new and very handsome, they conducted me to a raised step at the top of the hall, and the slaves sung, and were beginning to dance, when a sudden whisper and violent bustling about announced the return of Reschid Pasha.

At the Seraskier's, the Marchioness meets a Turkish Penelope, who, as a proof of her affection for her absent spouse, "*had sentimentally stuck the wafer of his last letter upon her forehead.*" We recommend the adoption of these *gages d'amour*. Much elegant fancy might be exercised in the construction of these *patera*, which might vary in diameter according to the amount of affection required to be demonstrated.

The Marchioness was formally received at the Ottoman Court—a significant proof of its approximation to European observances. An English Peeress in grand costume, attended by the *Marischal du Palais*, awaiting an audience of the Sultan in one of the antechambers of the Seraglio! Twenty years ago the most extravagant imagination would have scouted such a vision.

Corfu, Athens, Zante, Malta, Palermo, and Naples are subsequently visited by our voyagers, who hurry to England *via* Rome on receiving the disastrous intelligence of the destruction of Wynyard.

In her account of the Doria Palace, the Marchioness complains that the Princess, to whom she had shewn much attention in England, declined admitting her ladyship into her private apartments at a moment's notice. Surely the request was unreasonable, and the Princess perfectly justified in refusing it.

Texas and the Gulf of Mexico; or, Yachting in the New World. By Mrs. HOUSTON. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Murray.

WHETHER Mrs. HOUSTON is a member of the Yacht Club we are not informed; but if she has not yet attained to that distinction, she should be admitted without delay, for the achievements recorded in these volumes far surpass in extent and daring aught that any of the fraternity could boast. In the yacht *Dolphin* did this brave lady ride the breakers of the Bay of Biscay, cross the Atlantic, ascend the Mississippi to New Orleans, speed to the Gulf of Mexico, and whirl through the Gulf of Florida. The incidents of this adventure she has pleasantly recorded in the volumes upon our table.

A visit so fleeting cannot be expected to supply any large amount of information relating to the countries in which our tourist landed. Her narrative is accordingly more than commonly superficial, and the opinions upon which she occasionally ventures are therefore worthy of very little respect. But she describes graphically, and with apparent correctness, such things and persons as actually passed before her eyes, and the narrative carries us onwards without weariness, and commends itself to our goodwill with a heartiness which forbids the reader to lay it aside until he has fairly reached the last page. It has no pretensions to the character of a standard work, but as a contribution to the light literature of the season, for the sofa lounge, or that large class who pretend to eschew romance, yet devour with eagerness every thing as frivolous as romance, it may be commended to the circulating library or even the book club, but not to private purchasers. Amid the pressure of other claims upon our space, we can afford only a very few extracts illustrative of our remarks, but they will repay the reader.

Not very flattering is her picture of

AMERICAN LADIES.

You seldom see an American lady accompanied in her walks, rides, or drives, except on Sundays, by a gentleman; it would be a waste of time, and consequently a useless expenditure of money, to indulge in the gentle and refining society of the female sex. Young, delicate, and pretty women are met unprotected, clad in the gayest colours; I believe they are not denied any of the innocent enjoyments procured by dress and female society, and they may be seen pacing the streets, from store to store, and from boarding-house to boarding-house, shopping, and paying visits. This custom of young married women not having a home of their own, but inhabiting those nests of gossip called boarding-houses, seems to me injudicious and reprehensible. The young American wife, and they marry when almost children, is thus left all day without the society of her husband, or the protection of his presence. Her conversation is limited to the vicious details of scandal, or the insipid twaddle of dress, and in a place where all have a right to enter, the good and the well-disposed woman must frequently come in contact with many, who, had she possessed a home of her own, would never have been admitted to her presence.

Mrs. HOUSTON seems to have been pleased upon the whole with

AMERICAN MANNERS.

Originality, and absence of affectation, are the essential characteristics of American manners; I speak of the gentleman of the United States when in his own country. Whatever is original and natural carries with it a certain respectability; but directly this is lost, indifferent imitations take its place, and the imitative American, like every one else in similar circumstances, becomes ridiculous. The manners of the Americans in general, however, are not bad, and it can only be alleged against them that they have no artificial manners at all.

The Americans are proud, and justly so, of their self-earned freedom, of the liberal constitution of their country, and of the place in the scale of nations in which their own exertions have placed them. It is unfortunate, however, that they cannot bear their honours meekly, but do injury to their own and their country's cause, by their habits of exaggeration and self-praise. There is a want of quiet and genuine dignity about the American's

sense of freedom and equality. If he feels that the advantages he thus enjoys are great, let him value them in silence, and let their fruits be seen. The Americans, however, would not be half so boastful, did they feel that they were correctly judged, and rightly appreciated by us.

This is fairly setting forth both the good and the evil, and it would be well if other travellers would follow her example. Very curious is her account of

THE POST-OFFICE.

The Post-office is a large building, in the centre of which there is a bar, or "liquoring-hall." A clock of conspicuous appearance also decorates the entrance. The merchants, &c. are in the daily habit of calling for their letters at the post-office, there being no delivery in any other manner. The man who kept the bar—and a cunning man he must have been—remarked, that at a certain hour all the merchants, after securing their despatches, went off to another house to liquor. He took great pains to ascertain the exact hour at which this ceremony took place; and having done so, made his arrangements accordingly. It appeared that, before going "on 'Change," the merchants, as though actuated by one simultaneous motive, took their morning "liquor" precisely at half-past ten. The hands of the post-office clock pointed at a quarter-past ten when the letters were delivered, and the men of business immediately hurried off to take their invigorating draught. Our friend at the post-office, craftily and in secret, contrived daily to move on the hands of his clock some ten minutes. The merchants looked up. "What! As I'm alive, it's half-past ten a'most; it's infernal late; I actually must take my liquor here to-day, Sir." And so they all did. And after a time, it became a confirmed habit to take their early dram at the bar of the post-office. He was a very smart man that gin-sling and sherry cobbler seller.

She gives a gratifying report upon the state of

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

Their system of national education cannot be too highly praised. There is a compelled tax of one per cent. on all appraised property; for this every one receives instruction for his children, be they ever so numerous. This education comprises every branch of knowledge, and every sort of accomplishment. The masters themselves are people of acknowledged worth and consideration, and receive large salaries. On Washington's birth-day thousands of these young citizens of the Republic were paraded through the streets, their teachers or governors at their head; they were on their way to church, to *fête* the memory of their national hero. I noticed one extremely pretty and lady-like person at the head of one of the lines of girls. She was very young, and held down her head, as if rather an unwilling sharer in the exhibition. On inquiry, I found she was the wife of a military man, with a small income, and, possessing great musical talent, had been appointed singing mistress, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum. To a European, and especially to an Englishman, this admixture of the classes of society seems at first both strange and ill-advised. But he should recollect that there is not, as with us, a broad line of demarcation to separate the rich or the well-born from the poor and low; that each has a right to mingle with each, and that it is not the degradation of poverty, but of vice and incapacity, which keeps one man below another. I am aware, though no politician, that in thickly populated countries, and in governments such as ours, this system of education could not be carried out; but in the States, where there is plenty of space for each man to run his career without jostling his neighbour, where courage, perseverance, and talent are sure to be rewarded with success, it is assuredly sound policy to raise as many useful citizens, and as few ignorant and unprincipled ones as possible.

She draws a most revolting picture of the Texas and Texian life, and yet, with strange forgetfulness of her own sketch, declares it to be one of the most eligible spots upon the earth's face for the emigrant. Is *this* the sort of place which she would seriously recommend to her countrymen?—

APPROACH TO WASHINGTON.

The only "drive" is on the sea-beach, and a most beautiful beach it is—so hard and smooth, with its fine sand, that

you scarcely hear your horse's foot-fall, as he trots, or rather runs along—a light carriage behind him, and the broad prairie spreading far before. Occasionally you are, I was going to say, stopped; but I should have been wrong: no one is stopped in this country by any thing short of a bowie-knife, or a rifle-ball; but your progress is delayed by an interesting bayou, through which you have to wade or swim, as the case may be. There is neither time nor spare cash to erect bridges; and, indeed, were the expense to be incurred, the probability is they would be washed away by the first rain, or by a more than usually high tide. Bridges, then, being out of the question, nothing is left you but to make the best of such means of transport as are within your reach. If you fortunately chance to meet with any person who has lately crossed, you ask, "Well, Sir, is it swimming?" Should the answer be in the affirmative, and you happen to be on horseback, equipped for a journey, with your plunder (luggage) about you, you "up saddle-bags," and boldly plunge into the stream. Should your route lie along the shore, the safest plan is to go a good way out to sea—on—on—till you find yourself well out among the breakers. I confess that, at first, this struck me as rather an alarming proceeding; but, in fact, it is much the safest plan, there being always a bar of sand formed across the mouth of these bayous, and if you can hit that, the depth of water is much lessened.

Now for the city itself.

THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS.

The English church is at present in rather a dilapidated condition. During a recent hurricane, it was, in common with half the town, and the Roman Catholic chapel among the rest, thrown on its beam ends, where it remained till it was raised up. The city of Galveston fell, as might a pack of cards built into temporary houses by a child at play! * * The city contains about three hundred covered buildings, which a bold person would, or might, call houses. There are also four churches; rather a considerable proportion, I should say, to the number of inhabitants, which amount only to about two thousand. Then, there are temples, squares, theatres, botanical and zoological gardens; but they are only at present on the ground plan.

This pleasant place is exposed to

HURRICANES.

They most frequently occur after a few days of damp dull weather, and generally about once a fortnight. Their approach is known by a dark bank rising on the horizon, and gradually overspreading the heavens. The storm bursts forth with wonderful suddenness and tremendous violence, and generally lasts forty-eight hours; the wind after that period veers round to the east and southward, and the storm gradually abates. During the continuance of a norther, the cold is intense, and the wind so penetrating, it is almost impossible to keep oneself warm. The weather is generally clear, and frequently the northers are almost unaccompanied by rain. The tremendous hurricane that occurred last September, as it was described to us, is calculated to give one the impression that, on some future day, the flourishing city of Galveston may be swept away by the overwhelming incursions of the sea.

And the loves of the inhabitants are as stormy as the weather. A divorce may be had for the asking, and this is the result of

DIVORCES IN TEXAS.

During our residence of only a few months in the country, no less than forty couple were disunited, and this merely by taking an oath on both sides of mutual incompatibility of temper. This circumstance ought to be generally known; as it may be of service to those similarly situated, to learn that, by a six months' residence in Texas, they may enjoy the benefit of this liberating system!

Let none but ill-consorted married folk listen to the syren voice of Mrs. Houston and go to Texas. It is a Paradise for them only; to all others it must be most like a hell upon earth.

An Aide-de-Camp's Recollections of Service in China, a Residence in Hong-Kong, and Visits to other Islands in the Chinese Seas. By Captain ARTHUR CUNYNGHAME, Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Lord SALTOUN, K.C.B., G.C.H., commanding her Majesty's and the Hon. East India Company's troops in China. 2 vols. London. Saunders and Otley.

WHEN the Chinese war threatened to become a formidable enterprise, the Government despatched a reinforcement under the command of Lord SALTOUN. Quitting England at the close of the year 1841, the armament was about seven months upon the sea, and reached China just in time to witness the final struggle and the negotiations that ended in the peace from which so great benefits are anticipated. Captain CUNYNGHAME attended Lord SALTOUN as aide-de-camp, and these volumes record the adventures of the expedition and the Captain's impressions of things and persons during a subsequent tour through the neighbouring seas.

Of the war itself so many details have been already published that the reader will thank the Captain for treating it so briefly. But the results of that war are matters of higher interest, and these he has traced with a graphic pen, and his picture will lead many a Christian to ask himself if that can have the sanction of Heaven which brings such infinite horrors upon mankind. When Captain CUNYNGHAME had discharged his duties in China, he attended Sir HENRY POTTINGER and Lord SALTOUN on a visit to the Manillas. His descriptions of the Philippine Islands are extremely interesting, and possess the charm of novelty, for they are little known to the English reader, being one of the few spots upon the earth's face in which travellers from our island do not abound.

The Captain's style is, upon the whole, a pleasant one. Faults in the construction of sentences, sins of tautology, and such like, are frequently apparent. But these are excusable blemishes in a work such as this, which does not profess to do more than set down faithfully the impressions made upon an observant mind by things and persons; the author is a soldier, not a scribe, and it is as a soldier that he must be judged by the critic.

And so viewed, we have seldom lighted upon more pleasant volumes. They will amuse more than a novel, and convey not a little instruction at the same time. Let not the reader fail to place it upon his list.

Too much space is devoted to description of the outward voyage, which presented no incidents worthy of such minute record. From the many pages occupied with this log, we take two or three memorable scraps:—

SEA SNAKES.

"Near the Sumatra coast, we chanced to observe some sea-snakes—not quite so terrific in size as the sea-serpents sometimes encountered in the vasty deep by our friend Jonathan. These, from our deck, appeared to be about five or six feet long, of a brownish yellow colour, and, until they were disturbed by the vessel, were generally coiled up, basking in the sun, at the surface of the water.

"Some of them are reckoned very venomous, their bite causing almost instantaneous death. A few years since, an officer on board her Majesty's ship *Algerine* died in less than half an hour from the effects of a bite in his hand, in spite of all the remedies that were instantly applied by the medical officer on board."

Surely there is a touch of the marvellous in this story of

RAPID VEGETATION.

"Being short of water, we anchored at a small island called Nanka, on which we found a most delicious stream. The exuberance of the vegetation in this climate, where winter is known but as a name, is almost beyond belief. A towel being left to dry upon a bank, in four hours it was discovered that the grass had actually grown through it one inch in length."

In Singapore they bought pines at the rate of three or four a penny, and they were used for cleaning the decks! Here he first discovered the importance of

A CHINAMAN'S TAIL.

"A Chinaman's love for his tail is proverbial, and it is truly amusing to see the pains and trouble they take concerning them. Most of them are dressed and plaited with singular neatness and care, and are of such a length, that they sweep the ground when walking. Those, however, who are not sufficiently fortunate as naturally to possess a very handsome appendage, borrow a portion from their barbers; and should it get disengaged from his head, the owner has to bear the same ridicule as an unfortunate dandy does, who, in Europe, by ill-luck, should chance to lose his wig. The front portion of the head is very carefully shaved, for which purpose they make use of a curious and very peculiar description of razor, resembling in miniature a butcher's chopper. This love of their tails produces a very easy method of restoring order and restraining personal violence, when any cause of dissension or dispute may arise among them. The peons, or government police, catching some half-dozen of the crowd by these handy ornaments, deliver them over to one of their force, who, with a drawn sword, holds them in check, threatening, upon the slightest unruly movement, to *raser* their honourable appendages. The intense love for their old friend and companion, that has grown with their growth, speedily overcomes their passions, and rather than run the chance of parting company, they submit with patience and resignation to the dictates of the authorities."

It was June when they reached Hong-Kong. Already it had risen to importance.

RISE OF HONG-KONG.

"Perhaps no place in the history of ages can boast of such a rapid rise as the town of Hong-Kong. In August, 1841, not one single house was yet built; not a portion of the brushwood had been cleared away from this desolate spot. By June 1842, the town was considerably more than two miles long, containing storehouses and shops, here called 'Godowns,' in which almost every article, either Eastern or European, could be procured, and most of them at not very unreasonable prices."

And this place has now upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.

The Captain has formed an opinion by no means favourable of the character of the Chinese. Here is a description of

A ROW IN CHINA.

"The personal appearance of the Chinese themselves, as well as their language and manners, cannot fail to strike the stranger with the conviction how totally different they are from the nations of the West—every action, every word, being at variance, as day is from night, with our own. One of the most amusing scenes which I ever witnessed was from the deck of our ship; it was a quarrel amongst the boatmen who surrounded her with vegetables, &c. for sale. One unfortunate boat having incurred the displeasure of the rest by offering its wares at a reduced price, was in consequence attacked by them *en masse*. At first they commenced by pelting the owner with pears, eggs, and the like missiles; their fury increased in consequence of some opprobrious epithets which were applied to them; they next sent a volley of china-plates, dishes, &c. such as many a fair lady would have been envied the possession of; these either smashed about their ears or sank in the water. They were all soon devoid of missiles, and, the boats coming into closer contact, the stronger party boarded the weaker, attacking them with long bamboo poles, armed with sharp iron points, with which they are all provided, to defend themselves from the attacks of the pirates who infest this coast. The unfortunate crew thought it high time to decamp, and sought shelter in the water; the boat being now deserted, with the exception of one poor woman, it was reckoned the fair booty of the victors, who, jumping on board, without any hesitation, thrust their long spears into the body of the poor creature, wounding her in many places."

It seems that the Chinese excel in

CARICATURES.

"I must not omit to mention our having accidentally stumbled upon the shop of a native caricaturist, who had been depicting, for the benefit of his more distant countrymen, various representations of the red-bristled barbarians. Poor fellow, on being discovered he was struck dumb with consternation, expecting at least a sound bamboozing for the liberty he had taken with our figures and habits; when, much to his surprise and that of the bystanders, we not only laughed immoderately at his productions, but retaining possession of his whole stock, paid him handsomely for the same. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that some of them struck home, freely representing both services as no enemies to the bottle."

"I had afterwards an opportunity of seeing many very talented caricatures; for when the artists found their productions no longer gave offence, they did not scruple to exhibit them. Among the most amusing, and by no means untrue to character, was that of a certain General in the early portion of the expedition, in the act of himself bargaining for a fowl; his eagerness to obtain the fowl, and, moreover, at his own price, being depicted with such spirit and truth as would have done justice to the pencil of the far-famed 'HB' himself."

A laughable incident enlightened them upon the subject of

MANURING IN CHINA.

"The greatest degree of pains and care is taken by this thrifty nation to improve their soil by constantly manuring it, thus enabling them always to obtain two crops, and very constantly three, from the same land in one year. They have for centuries been in the habit of transporting manure from the large towns on the sea-coast to the fertile districts in Central China, made up and pressed into a form very much resembling our oil-cake. A laughable circumstance occurred to some of the sailors in her Majesty's ship C—, who, at the blockading of the river leading to Ning-Po, espying some of this composition on board a junk, and taking it to be patent preserved soup, immediately appropriated a portion of it. Notions of birds'-nest soup, sharks' fins, and other Chinese dainties, flitting across their minds, they determined to revel in luxury for many a day, and a large portion was boiled in the ship's coppers. The dainty was not much relished at the time, but judge their disgust when made acquainted, some days subsequently, with its real nature; it ever after assumed the name amongst the expedition of C— soup."

The following is the best description we have ever read of

A JUNK.

"This huge box (I cannot bring myself to call it by any other name) was far the most extraordinary thing of the kind I had ever seen, although, after being constantly accustomed to see them, the novelty soon wears off; yet the first impression cannot fail to be that of wonder, how any people could dream of navigating the trackless ocean in this huge coffin. She must have far exceeded 500 tons burden, according to a rough calculation, which by eyesight alone we made of her. The upper part of her poop was at least as high as that of a 74, with curious staircases and passages communicating to the different portions of the ship, more after the fashion of a house; her mast was a magnificent spar, 11 feet in circumference, and of prodigious height; her cables, composed of coir, made from the outer covering of the cocoa-nut, for durability and lightness unequalled, and her wooden anchors, although primitive in their construction, would, I doubt not, have answered perfectly well in any but a rocky bottom, which is scarcely ever to be met with on the coasts or harbours they are accustomed to anchor in. Her sides were painted with a rude imitation of ports, and what with her numberless flags and streamers, her huge unwieldy mat sails, her gigantic rudder, and antediluvian-looking crew, she presented a novel and striking sight; but certainly she could in no way merit the term of 'walking the waters like a thing of life.'

"Her captain, a fine old fellow, had previously made ten successful voyages in her from Shang-hai to Japan, and when first captured he was requested to act as pilot upon the Yang-tse-kiang, with the intricate navigation among the sands and shoals of which river he did not profess to be unacquainted. He stated that nothing should induce him to undertake this

office; that, on the contrary, if forced upon him, he would speedily put an end to his existence, by throwing himself in the river, as death, he was certain, would soon be his fate, were he to comply with our wishes, as no one could escape detection, and the consequent punishment attending it, were they to offend in any way the imperial government. He greatly magnified the dangers of the mighty stream, declaring it was utterly impossible for our gigantic ships to ascend; that we should speedily be encompassed with sand-banks and other difficulties, from which we could never extricate ourselves; and, moreover, were we partially to succeed, the vengeance of the gods would speedily overtake us, for our rashness, and we should all be totally destroyed. A few short weeks were sufficient to shew him how ridiculous were all his prognostications regarding the dangers and difficulties of the navigation of this river, and how wofully the gods, upon whom he so much trusted, left his imperial master in the lurch, at his utmost need. We saw on board the junk many very beautiful and rare plants from the island of Japan, dwarfed in a manner, I believe, peculiar to the gardeners of that island."

Here is a pleasing picture of

CHINESE CULTIVATION.

"We passed the batteries which had so recently been the scene of such dreadful slaughter, and, stemming a strong current, proceeded rapidly up the river. The country through which it wound its way was a perfect flat as far as the eye could reach, and in as high a state of cultivation as the market-gardens around London; small farm-houses stood in every direction, neatly encircled with flower-gardens, the whole presenting a perfect picture of wealth, fertility, industry, and comfort; and when we were informed—a circumstance we had every reason to believe perfectly true—that the same state of things existed not only throughout the whole of this but of all the neighbouring provinces, any one of which, as regards extent, would make a handsome kingdom for a European potentate, some slight idea may be formed of the endless internal agricultural wealth of the Chinese empire, and the little concern the Emperor of this mighty country has been accustomed to bestow on foreign nations, their commerce, trade, or any thing else concerning them. Numerous implements of agriculture, which we supposed only to be known to the most scientific and highly-instructed European nations, were discovered in great numbers and in constant use among them, from the plough and common harrow to the winnow and thrashing-machine, with which scarcely any farmhouse, however small, was unprovided. Added to which, for the purpose of irrigation, scarcely any considerable field that did not possess its chain-pump, for the purpose of irrigating their crops by drawing water from the lower levels, with comparatively small labour to themselves; from which models I have not the least doubt those at present in use in our navy or merchantmen were taken."

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Our Mess. Edited by CHARLES LEVER (HARRY LORREQUER). *Tom Burke of "Ours."* In 2 vols. Dublin, Curry and Co. 1844.

THE popularity of HARRY LORREQUER will scarcely endure the scrutiny of criticism. All the rest of his works we had read by piecemeal, as they appeared in the monthly instalments of the pamphlet or the magazine. So read, they charmed us amazingly; they were eagerly sought among the contents of the periodical parcel, greedily devoured before others were opened, and the last page arrived only too soon for our unsatiated appetite.

It was not so when we perused in the bulk of its completed form HARRY's last performance—*Tom Burke of "Ours."* We must confess to divers yawns before we reached its close; the story seemed to drag somewhat heavily along, and the dialogues and descriptions called forth an occasional "Pish!" of impatience at their seeming tediousness. We could not see the wit of much that we should have greeted with a loud guffaw read in

the monthly *fasciculus*, and the *finis* was welcomed almost as a relief from a task, and not, as formerly, as a painful parting from a familiar friend.

In such opposite aspects of the same work, seen from different points of view, we are perplexed which to deem the true one. Has the mood of the moment clouded the judgment? Were we not hurried along too fast for sober criticism in the one case, or might not the equilibrium of the temper have been disturbed by the continuous toil required in the other? Perhaps, after all, the truth lies between the two impressions, and a brief review of our friend HARRY's prominent merits and defects may enable us to strike a balance satisfactory to author and reader.

The fictions of HARRY LORREQUER can scarcely claim the dignity of the novel: they have no plots, in the proper sense of the term; they are, in fact, nothing more than a collection of scenes or sketches, strung together by the very slightest thread that might serve to connect the last chapter with the first. LORREQUER is essentially a story-teller—a dealer in joke and anecdote—an elaborated Joe Miller; some of the best and most popular of his chapters being but well-known after-dinner anecdotes, expanded by the addition of time and place and the introduction of appropriate dialogue, with not unfrequently an improvement in the point or an importation of original drollery in the telling.

Moreover, his characters are wanting in individuality. They are representatives of classes, not creations of persons. They are shadowy enough even while we read, but the memory takes no hold of them at all; we never think of them as in the crowd of old acquaintances, and though we may distinctly recall the story they were summoned to enact, so unsubstantial are they, that while the anecdote is distinctly recollected, the actors have faded from the scene. This striking defect in Mr. LEVER's genius is further exhibited in the paucity of his characters. In all his works we find the same troops of puppets reappearing with little other change than of name. The Irish servant, the parish priest, the handsome, brave, and generous hero, the pretty stick of barley-sugar for a heroine, the bully, the reckless practical joker, are reproduced again and again, and the reader familiar with his works might, upon hearing the name and the locality of a new one, with some confidence sketch an outline of its contents.

Another fault he has in common with many of his contemporaries. He indulges too much in dialogues that do not advance the story. Whether we read or listen to a narrative, continual interruptions of "says he," "quoth she," even though their abruptness may be smoothed by the tact of the novelist in changing or omitting this expression of the narrator, are felt to be an impertinence. No more of what is said by the persons of whom we talk is endurable than is necessary to explain what they do. Practically we find the devourers of circulating libraries skipping the dialogues in romances, and, indeed, most persons who read for mere amusement, and not to enjoy the composition, are wont to take a leap over a long talk and advance to that which interests them more—the business of the plot. LEVER does not escape this scurvy treatment, because he takes no pains to avoid giving occasion for it. He writes with extreme haste, and compression is not compatible with speed; moreover, all his works have been written for periodical publication, and the insatiate demands of the press compel the author to take up his pen, whatever the mood, however low the inspiration of the moment; and being required to supply a prescribed quantity of manuscript within a given time, he is often tempted to spin out dialogues, in default of the energies necessary for the composition of the more elaborated portions of his task. A dialogue should be lifelike, and in real life it is composed of short, quick, and often

broken sentences; few persons in society *talk* essays, and those who attempt it are invariably voted bores and shunned as plagues. Why cannot the experience of any half-hour in any company be brought by the novelist into the composition of his books? THE CRITIC would not then have such frequent cause to complain of dull writers, nor would the reader skip half the pages as he goes along. But, perhaps, a novel could not be made to fill three volumes if thus reduced to natural proportions in its article of talk, and what would the publisher say to that?

We have spoken freely of the faults of HARRY LORREQUER, let us now do justice to his many merits—for his popularity is not a caprice of the fickle public, but based upon substantial claims, which it is impossible not to recognize.

He is one of the *liveliest* writers of our time; a rich stream of animal spirits flows through his pen; his cheerfulness never flags. On the full tide of these he carries the reader forward so pleasantly that fatigue is not felt, save when such a dialogue as we have described above crosses the path. In his gayer hours his composition is the most agreeable of story-telling, the prominent points of the narrative being seized and hit off with a precision and vividness that instantly create a picture in the listener's mind, and bring place, and person, and all the incidents of the scene, as brightly before him as if they had been within his actual gaze. His descriptive powers are, indeed, extraordinary, and when he can combine them with the humour of his country, which he enjoys in full measure, his triumph is complete, and he stands unrivalled by any living author, save DICKENS.

His highest excellence undoubtedly lies in the painting of military life, or rather, we should say, in his battle-pieces. Our language has nothing finer in colouring than are many of his narratives of this class. It is difficult to believe that the author is not a soldier, and never saw a fight, and yet we are assured that such is the case. His pictures of the Peninsular War are by far the most graphic we possess, and if not strictly correct, they are so like truth, that they will certainly usurp in the memories of readers the more laboured but less glowing sketches of the historians. For these alone, if for naught beside, the works of HARRY LORREQUER (we love that name the best) will reward perusal.

This portion of the series commenced under the title of *Our Mess* contains in two volumes the adventures of Tom Burke of "Ours," and these exhibit all the characteristics of the author, both excellences and defects, which have been noted above. It differs from all his previous fictions in its design, which is to paint the French army under NAPOLEON. Tom Burke, the hero, is an Irish boy, left an orphan, cheated by his lawyer, reduced almost to beggary, tempted by a Frenchman to enter the service of NAPOLEON, and there is plunged into a variety of adventures, in battles, in sieges, in prisons, in camp, in city, in courts, until the time comes that the author has filled the due number of pages, and the harlequinade ends in the legitimate fashion.

Such a theme affords scope for any amount of writing, and HARRY LORREQUER has made good use of the privilege. He has revelled in battles, handling them with the ease of one who knows where his strength lies and with the consciousness rather than the display of power. In Tom Burke he has been much more grave than usual. The first volume is almost entirely composed of serious scenes, and although in the second he gives the rein more liberally to his humorous tendencies, the work, as a whole, has less of his peculiar spirit about it than any thing he has published. We cannot say, however, that this grave mood is an advantage, although so much of what he has written in it is very well done. We prefer his lighter strains.

The volumes are profusely illustrated by a very clever

artist, and for these characteristic sketches alone would they deserve a place in the library. But upon their own merits may they fairly lay claim to the patronage of all the book-clubs and circulating libraries, and households that can afford the cost might worthily lay them upon the table of the drawing-room, to be looked at as well as to be read.

From two such volumes it is difficult to select passages that would satisfactorily illustrate our remarks or serve as fair specimens of the author's manner. Here are two taken almost at a venture.

In LORREQUER's most spirited style is this scrap from the description of

THE BATTLE OF JENA.

"It was now nine o'clock; the sky clear and cloudless, and a bright autumnal day permitted the eye to range for miles on every side. The Prussian army, but forty thousand strong, was drawn up in the form of an arch, presenting the convexity to our front, while our troops, ninety thousand in number, overlapped them on either flank, and extended far beyond them.

"The battle began by the advance of the French columns, and the retreat of the enemy, both movements accomplished without a shot being fired, and the whole seeming the manoeuvres of a field-day.

"At length, as the Prussians took up the position they intended to hold, their guns were seen moving to the front, squadrons of cavalry disengaged themselves from behind the infantry masses, and then a tremendous fire opened from the whole line. Our troops advanced *en tirailleurs*, that is, whole regiments thrown out in skirmishing order, which, when pressed, fell back, and permitted the columns to appear.

"The division to which I found myself attached received orders to move obliquely across the plain, in the direction of some cottages, which I soon heard was the village of *Vierzehn Heiligen*, and the centre of the Prussian position. A galling fire of artillery played upon the column as it went; and before we accomplished half the distance our loss was considerable. More than once, too, the cry of 'Cavalry!' was heard, and, quick as the warning itself, we were thrown into square, to receive the impetuous horsemen, who came madly on to the charge. Ney himself stood in the squares, animating by his presence the men, and cheering them at every volley they poured in.

"'Yonder, men, yonder is the centre of their position,' said he, pointing to the village, which now bristled with armed men, several guns upon a height beyond it commanding the approach, and a cloud of cavalry hovering near, to pounce down upon those who might be daring enough to assail it. A wild cheer answered his words, both general and soldiers understood each other well.

"In two columns of attack the division was formed, and then the word forward was given. 'Orderly time, men,' said General Dorsenne, who commanded that with which I was; and obedient to the order, the ranks moved as if on parade. And now let me mention a circumstance, which, though trivial in itself, presents a feature of the peculiar character of courage which distinguished the French officer in battle.

"As the line advanced, the fire of the Prussian battery, which by this time had found out our range most accurately, opened severely on us, but more particularly on the left; and, as the men fell fast, and the grape-shot tore through the ranks, a wavering of the line took place, and in several places a broken front was presented. Dorsenne saw it at once, and placing himself in front of the advance, with his back towards the enemy, he called out as if on parade. 'Close order—close order. Move up there—left, right—left, right;' and so did he retire step by step, marking the time with his sword, while the shot flew past and around him, and the earth was scattered about by the torrent of the grape-shot. Courage like this would seem to have a charmed life, for while death was dealing fast around him, he never received a wound.

"The village was attacked at the bayonet point, and at the charge the enemy received us. So long as their artillery could continue its fire, our loss was fearful; but, once within shelter of the walls and close in with the Prussian ranks, the firing ceased and the struggle was hand to hand. Twice did we win our way up the ascent, twice were we beaten back; strong re-

inforcements were coming up to the enemy's aid, when a loud rolling of the drums and a hoarse cheer from behind revived our spirits—it was Lanne's division advancing at a run. They opened to permit our retiring masses to re-form behind them, and then rushed on. A crash of musketry rung out, and through the smoke the glancing bayonets flashed and the red flame danced wildly.

"*En avant! en avant!*" burst from every man, as, maddened with excitement, we plunged into the fray. Like a vast torrent tumbling from some mountain gorge, the column poured on, overwhelming all before it, now struggling for a moment, as some obstacle delayed, but could not arrest its march; now headlong rushing, it swept along. The village was won, the Prussians fell back, their guns opened fiercely on us, and cavalry tore past, sabring all who sought not shelter within the walls. But the post was ours, the key of their position was in our hands, and Ney sent three messengers one after the other to the Emperor to let him know the result, and enable him to push forward and attack the Prussian centre. Suddenly a wild cry was heard from the little street of the village, the houses were in flames, the Prussians had thrown in heated shells, and the wooden roofs of the cottages caught up the fire. For an instant all became, as it were, panic-struck, and a confused movement of retreat was begun; but the next moment order was restored—the sappers scaled the walls of the burning houses, and with their axes severed the timbers, and suffered the blazing mass to fall within the buildings. But by this time the Prussians had re-formed their columns and once more advanced to the attack—the moment was in their favour, the disorder of our ranks, and the sudden fear inspired by an unlooked-for danger still continued, when they came on. Then, indeed, began a scene of bloodshed the most horrible to witness—through the narrow streets, within the gardens, the houses themselves, the combatants fought hand to hand—neither would give way, neither knew on which side lay their supporting columns—it was the terrible carnage of deadly animosity on both sides.

"Meanwhile the flames burst forth anew, and amid the crackling of the burning timbers and the dense smoke of the lighted thatch, the fight went on. '*Vandamme! Vandamme!*' cried several voices in ecstasy, '*here come the grenadiers.*' And true enough the tall shakos peered through the blue cloud.

"'*Hurrah for the Faubourg!*' shouted a wild voltigeur as he waved his cap and sprang forward. '*Let us not lose the glory now, boys.*'

"The appeal was not made in vain. From every window and doorway the men leaped down into the street, and rushed at the Prussian column, which was advancing at the charge. Suddenly the column opened, a rushing sound was heard, and down with the speed of lightning rode a squadron of cuirassiers. Over us they tore, sabring as they went, nor halted till the head of Vandamme's column poured in a volley. Then, wheeling, they galloped back, trampling on our wounded, and dealing death with their broadswords. As for me, a sabre-cut in the head had stunned me; and while I leaned for support against the wall of a house, a horseman tore past, and with one vigorous cut he cleft open my shoulder. I staggered back, and fell, covered with blood, upon the door-sill. I saw our column pass on cheering, and heard the wild cry, '*En avant! en avant!*' swelling from a thousand voices, and then, faint and exhausted, my senses reeled, and the rest was like an indistinct dream."

A well-known anecdote of NAPOLEON is thus elaborated, but it is certainly improved by the manner of telling it. It should be premised that, the day after the battle of Austerlitz, Burke was seated in the camp with his comrades discussing aloud the policy of the emperor.

"'I cannot for the life of me understand the Emperor's inaction,' said a younger officer—'here we remain just as if nothing had been done. One would suppose that a Russian army stood in full force before us, and that we had not gained a tremendous battle.'

"'Depend on it, Auguste,' said the old officer, smiling, 'his Majesty is not the man to let slip his golden opportunities. If we don't advance, it is because it is safer to remain where we are.'

"'Safer than pursue a flying enemy?'

"'Even so—it is not Russia, nor Austria, we have in the field against us, but Europe—the world.'

"'With all my heart,' retorted the other boldly; 'nor do I think the odds unfair—all I would ask is—the General Bonaparte of Cairo or Marengo, and not the purple-clad Emperor of the Tuileries.'

"'It is not while the plain is yet reeking with the blood of Austerlitz that such a reproach should be spoken,' said I, indignantly; 'never was Bonaparte greater than Napoleon.'

"'Monsieur has served in Egypt,' said the young man contemptuously, while he measured me from head to foot.

"'Would that I had! would that I could give whatever years I may have before me, for those whose every day shall live in history.'

"'You are right, young man,' said the old colonel, 'they were glorious times, and a worthy prelude to the greatness that followed them.'

"'A bright promise of the future—never to come,' rejoined the younger, with a flash of anger on his cheek.

"'Parbleu, Sir, you speak boldly,' said a harsh, low voice, from behind. We turned—it was Napoleon, dressed in a grey coat, all covered with fur, and looking like one of the couriers of the army. 'I did not know my measures were so freely canvassed as I find them. Who are you, Sir?'

"'Legrange, Sire, Chef d'escadron of the 2nd voltigeurs,' said the young man, trembling from head to foot, while he uncovered his head, and stood cap in hand before him.

"'Since when, Sir, have I called you into my counsels, and asked your advice, or what is it in your position which entitles you to question one in mine? Duroc, come here—your sword, Sir.'

"The young man let fall his shako from his hand, and laid it on his sword hilt—'Ah!' cried the Emperor suddenly—'what became of your right arm?'

"'I left it at Aboukir, Sire.'

"Napoleon muttered something between his teeth—then added aloud—'Come, Sir, you are not the first whose hand has saved his head: return to your duty, and—mark me! be satisfied with doing yours, and leave me to mine.'

The Orphan of Waterloo, a Tale. By Mrs. BLACKFORD, Author of "*The Eskdale Herd-boy.*"

MR. WILLIAM HAZLITT, who promises worthily to maintain the heritage of fame bequeathed to him by his father, has projected a series of works for the amusement of *Young England*, under the title of *The Holiday Library*. The design is excellent, for there is a dearth of really good fictions for children. Numberless as are the tales of faery with which the fertile imaginations of our forefathers have furnished us, but few of them are found permanently to please the fancies of the young. There is so strong a family resemblance between them, that when the best of them are read, the others appear flat and dull, and cease to amuse. Hence it is that collections of such romances have never proved successful. A library of Tom Thumbs, Red Riding Hoods, and Cinderellas, is too much of a good thing: it disturbs the charm; it forbids indulgence in that delightful state of half-credence in which the genuine lover of the wonderful desires to wrap himself, and the child enters into it with such heartiness that he who would taste that delight must cast from him for a season the burden of the wisdom of years and become a child again. We are as far from desiring to deny to children the faery romance, as from approving the modern fashion of cramming them only with what is misnamed useful knowledge; but there is a medium between these extremes, and that will be found in fictions of the class which Mr. HAZLITT purposes to present, namely, tales of real life, in which the world as it is—not the great world, but the child's world—is faithfully pictured, and lessons for conduct inculcated, not by intermingled maxim, not by moral formally set forth at the conclusion, but gently insinuated by positive example.

But we regret to be compelled to say that this excellent design of Mr. HAZLITT is not accomplished by Mrs. BLACKFORD, to whom was unfortunately intrusted the composition of the first volume of the series. Her tale of *The Orphan of Waterloo* not only fails to picture the world as it is, but entirely misrepresents and distorts the order of things. It is of extreme importance that children, with whom the first impressions are indelible, and fictions are realities, should be led to receive only the most accurate ideas of that which is conveyed to them avowedly as a picture of human life. Is Mrs. BLACKFORD's such a faithful transcript? Is the order of things in life as she has feigned them? Is virtue always rewarded with gold, and vice always punished by penury? Do lucky accidents constantly occur to relieve good people from difficulties? Do the elements combine miraculously to crush some and save others? Is every thing due to fate and nothing to forethought, wisdom, and energy? Yet has Mrs. BLACKFORD done all these things, setting at defiance the ordinary rules of life and the laws of nature: thus it is the tendency of her book to convey to children the most erroneous notions of that which they will have to encounter in the world, doing more mischief than could be effected by the wildest romances, for her book is intended to be given to the child, not as a romance, but as a sketch from life, to be read and remembered as a lesson by which he may steer his after-course.

Therefore, we cannot recommend any parent or teacher to place this volume in the hands of children, and we hope that Mr. HAZLITT will exercise a more judicious choice in the future numbers of a series whose design is so excellent that, if well executed, it cannot fail to command success.

The Free Lance. By DANIEL M'CARTHY, author of "The Siege of Florence," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Bentley.

THERE are two distinct classes of writers of historical romance; to wit, the dramatic writer, and the narrative writer. The former brings before us, by the wave of his magic pen, the men and women of ages long by-gone, who live again upon the stage, and talk, and act, and play out the tragi-comedy, and pass away; and the magician who raised them is never seen or thought of amid the absorbing interest of the scenes he has conjured. The latter, the narrative writer, is merely the teller of a story, to whom we listen, amused and perhaps instructed, but who is himself never out of sight, and whose tale we remember only as a tale, it never becoming mingled, like the creations of the dramatic writer, with the memories of men and events whom we had known and seen.

Mr. M'CARTHY belongs to the second class of romancists. His genius is essentially narrative. He describes the men and manners of the past with accuracy, but he does not reproduce and revivify them. We do not see them, we hear only his account of them. They are pictures, not realities. Hence it is, that when he passes from description to dialogue, the fiction stands confessed, and ceases to impose upon us. He makes his personages talk *his* thoughts, his ideas, his sentiments, not their own. In costume, in manner, in the properties, to borrow an expressive technical phrase, they are strictly of the fourteenth century; but when they are made to open their mouths, they discourse as the men and women of the nineteenth century. And then, of course, the interest of the scene is gone, for we cannot sympathize with the joys and sorrows of puppets.

The Free Lance must, therefore, rest its claims upon other excellences, and worthily it may do so. If it be read as a narrative—we may almost call it a history—of the conflict between the cities of Milan and Florence in the fourteenth century, it will be found full of information conveyed in a very agreeable form. A fiction is made the medium for teaching the facts of a stirring time, and the manners, customs, and condition of the people of an interesting land at an important era. A sort of home interest is given to it by the introduction of John Hawkwood, the famous adventurer, who, with his

English troop, took so active a part in these feuds. The hero, too, is an Englishman, one Reginald, a son of the Earl of Oxford, who, upon a difference with his family, joins Hawkwood. On his way he protects an Italian family from insult and plunder. Among them are some pretty daughters, with one of whom our hero falls in love, of course; but the father, an Italian noble, has a special hatred for Englishmen, and, moreover, he has made up his mind to marry his daughter to the son of a friend, so he puts his veto upon the lovers and parts them. There is a sort of under-plot arising from a secret passion entertained for Reginald by Margherita, an attendant of his lady-love, and a like passion of another nobleman for Margherita. This love-chase affords the required opportunities for introducing the various personages and events that characterized the time.

As Mr. M'CARTHY possesses rare descriptive powers, he has not failed to make good use of them. His paintings are always vivid, often gorgeous, and he has told his story extremely well: therefore we can recommend this romance to the circulating library as one which will certainly please the readers and reward perusal by the knowledge it conveys. It is indeed substantial enough to justify its purchase by the Book-Clubs.

Lucy Hardinge; a Second Series of "Afloat and Ashore." By the Author of "The Pilot," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Bentley.

Lucy Hardinge does not escape the fate of all continuations; it is, in every respect, inferior to its precursor. Why this should be, whether we weary of too much of a good thing, or the author's spirit flags beneath the burden of his task, or the same faces and tongues that pleased when fresh, become tiresome when familiar, we will not now pause to discuss: the fact, however, is proved by so many instances, that we are surprised to find an author of Mr. COOPER's experience falling into an error which as a critic he would have condemned in another.

The perusal of this new production of the American novelist has satisfied us that we did not wrongly express an opinion some months since, that he has well nigh written himself out. Each successive fiction becomes more and more tame and spiritless. One wonders where the readers are found who can be satisfied thus to feed upon the ghost of his former fame. The prosiness of age has seized upon the novelist; an entire volume is devoted to a full, true, and particular account of the death and burial of Miss Wallingford, and when again COOPER gets afloat, though more himself than when ashore, he is so minute in the record of every movement, that we might as well read a log. The substance of these three volumes might well have been told in half a volume, with advantage to the tale, and we doubt whether one reader in a hundred will really peruse more than that quantity out of the one thousand pages, for he will, if he is wise, skip the interminable dialogues and the prosy descriptions, and dismiss the work in a couple of hours.

COOPER has a *name*, and therefore, we suppose, the circulating library must place upon its shelves his last work; but as it cannot please, we would recommend the purchase of as few copies as possible, and let those who may exercise economy of orders omit *Lucy Hardinge* from their list.

The Dark Falcon; a Tale of the Atiruck. By J. B. FRASER, Esq. author of "The Zuzzibash," &c. &c. In 4 vols. London, 1844. Parker.

AN Eastern romance in four volumes is a formidable undertaking for reader and reviewer. It recalls the memory of many a lumbering tome in which Europeans have so caricatured the language and manners of the land of the sun, that the outrage upon nature has been apparent upon the face of the narratives. Almost the only exceptions to the rule of failure that have occurred within our recollection were *Haji Baba*, and *Ayesha*. These certainly had caught the spirit as well as the form of life in the East, for they were drawn, not from travellers' tales or stage conventionalities, or from imagination, but from the only safe reliance of the novelist, experience.

The Dark Falcon is a worthy successor of the romances we have named. In sprightliness it is second only to *Haji Baba*:

in power and faithfulness it fully equals *Ayesha*. Mr. FRASER has combined the fancy of the novelist with the information of the tourist so effectively, that his work may be read with the same pleasure by those who seek instruction as by those who look for amusement. It is difficult to discover where history ends and fiction begins, so well are they mingled; but of this we feel assured, that, though the events are fictitious, in its colouring, its accessories, its circumstances, the story is a truth. We do not suspect the author of imposing upon us any substantial fact as true which is not so; he permits himself to play but with the plot, the persons, and matters over which he has control of right; he takes no liberties with existing realities.

Mr. FRASER has chosen a stirring period for his romance—when the stage of Oriental history was occupied by strange and mysterious personages occupied in strange doings. The scene is laid partly in Persia, partly in Tartary, towards the close of the eighteenth century, when the fiercest feuds were raging between the families of Kajar and Zend, rival claimants for the throne, a contest which ended in the triumph of the Kajar. The outline of the plot may be sketched in few words, for the interest of the work lies rather in the descriptions and isolated scenes than in the tale. The Dark Falcon is a Toorkoman slave, his name being bestowed upon him in consequence of the keenness of his sight. His master, who is the chief of his tribe, has a charming daughter, with whom the Falcon falls in love. His passion is discovered, and, to save his neck from the bowstring of the angry father, he takes to his heels. While wandering about, he falls in with Jauffer Koollee Khan, a brother of the Kajar Aga Mahomed, whose life he saves by guiding him through the mountains in a snow-storm. He enters the service of this chieftain, wins renown by his daring achievements, and becomes a great man. In the meanwhile the fair Zuleika (the name of his love) is subjected to the usual varieties of parental persecution, ending with a peremptory command to marry a great man of her father's choosing. In these trials she is supported by a mysterious sort of counsellor in an old woman, called Fakeereh, and a deformed Dervish, who do the supernatural duties of the novel, always appearing when wanted to help the heroine and hero out of a difficulty. By their assistance the faithful pair are eventually brought together and made happy in each other's arms.

Mr. FRASER probably would deny that he had dealt in the supernatural; but he produces wonderful combinations of events, and then tries to explain them by means obviously incompetent to account for them. An instance of this is the sort of universal information as to everybody and everything enjoyed by Fakeereh. But that is a very excusable exaggeration, and as it helps the reader through the four volumes, whose serious parts might otherwise weary him by their length and frequency, it will readily be forgiven.

The romance is written in a very agreeable and lively strain, not too Eastern for English tastes and understandings. Mr. FRASER has sought to give rather the substance than the form of Asiatic dialogue, and thus has avoided the fatal error which most persons commit who attempt to picture the mere manners of the East.

With such an opinion of the merits of this romance it is scarcely necessary to say that it should be added to every circulating library, and read by all its patrons.

Parsons and Widows. By the author of "Peter Priggins," "The Parish Clerk," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Colburn.

THEODORE HOOK is the model adopted by the author of *Peter Priggins*. He aims at the same object, the portraiture of the wealthy vulgar, and the *parvenu* aristocracy. With HOOK's propensity for caricature, he wants the wit by which exaggeration was concealed, and the good taste that suppressed offensive coarseness while it made folly ridiculous. Nor do we think that he has any higher or holier intents than his predecessor. He seeks not to chastise vice, or to put frivolity out of countenance, but only to raise a laugh out of whatever material falls in his way. The title of this novel betrays its purpose. Parsons and widows are always deemed fair game by vulgar writers, because there is piled up against them a standing armoury of wit accumulated

for centuries, from which a writer who cannot invent a joke may always borrow one.

We are aware that the author before us can plead a vast weight of authority in favour of his proceeding, but, in despite of the custom of novelists and dramatists, we must protest against the practice of depicting classes instead of individuals. It may be very convenient to set up an imaginary personage, and, investing him with all your hatred or veneration for a class, endeavour to attach to the class to which you give him the particular defects or excellences you have conferred upon him; but we question the honesty of the scheme, and we would entirely withhold from it a critical approval as a literary work. Such is not the experience of life; practically, no individual is the type of a class, our notion of which is generally made up of traits taken from a great number of individuals, and sometimes is almost purely ideal. There is no such thing in the world as a *class* specially good or bad; the virtues and vices are pretty equally scattered, and among a given number of persons there will be found nearly the same proportion of excellences and defects, whatever their class. We object to the spirit that has selected the clergy for ridicule, and no less do we protest against the attempt to laugh at widows. And the very foundation and purpose of this novel being bad, we must add that there is nothing in the composition of it to compensate for the defects of its design, and we cannot, therefore, commend it to any library or any reader.

POETRY.

Poems. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT, author of "The Seraphim," &c. In two vols. London, 1844. E. Moxon.

THERE are two sorts of mysticism in poetry; one produced by the soaring of the poet's thoughts beyond the reach of the earth-bound faculties of the reader; the other the result of dimness and distraction in the perceptions of the writer, who mistakes vagueness for sublimity, and the chaos of a dream for a creation.

We are not quite assured to which of these to ascribe the mysticism of Miss BARRETT. We are not certain that she always understands herself, and sure we are she cannot always be understood by others. When first she appeared upon the stage of literature, we ascribed the peculiarities in the structure both of her ideas and of her language to the affectation of youth seeking to attract notice by oddity, and, seeing beneath it the soul of genius, we believed that time and the world would rub off the dross and leave the pure gem for unalloyed admiration. But that hope has been disappointed. Two more volumes have proceeded from her pen, not thrown from it hastily as the recreation of an idle hour, but, as she tells us in her preface, laboriously wrought,—work done as work,—and therefore the "completest expression" of her being, and affording a gauge or measure of her mind, whose accuracy herself would not dispute. And here she is, uttering oracles as mystical as ever; and it is manifest now that she cannot help it; it is no affectation, but proceeds from the very conformation of her mind. She cannot think in any different shape, and her language follows the structure of her thoughts.

Still she has genius, which comes leaping and flashing out between these deformities, and sometimes half concealing them by the dazzling of its light. She is a POET, and therefore to be approached with respect and heard with reverence. The very faults of genius are but "glory obscured," and better than the best deeds of those in whom the spark divine is wanting. This premised, we proceed to examine the last utterances of the genius of Miss ELIZABETH BARRETT.

The reader is first introduced to a dramatic poem of considerable length called *A Drama of Exile*. The idea of this production is a fine one. It purposes to paint the new and strange experiences of fallen humanity, as it went forth from paradise into the wilderness, with a pe-

cular reference to Eve's allotted grief, "which," she says, "considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the Fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man." But we cannot say that the poet has accomplished her design. We had read the poem with attention, where poetry is best read, in the quiet fields on an autumn evening, and it has left no distinct impression upon the mind or memory—nothing of the sense of satisfaction which we feel on compassing some great whole, and viewing with the inward eye its beginning, middle, and end, complete in all their parts. Yet are there passages of fine poetry scattered about, and here and there some scenes truly dramatic; moreover, it exhibits power such as we do not remember in any lady's poetry; there is masculine nerve and vigour in it, though the delicacy of the woman peeps out at times, especially in the scene where Eve, in shame and sorrow, prostrates herself before Adam, expecting, almost asking, punishment for her offence, but is lifted by him, embraced and forgiven. We extract the close of this touching passage:—

Eve. Is it thy voice?
Or some saluting angel's—calling home
My feet into the garden?

Adam. O my God!
I, standing here between the glory and dark,—
The glory of thy wrath projected forth
From Eden's wall; the dark of our distress,
Which settles a step off in that drear world—
Lift up to Thee the hands from whence hath fallen
Only creation's sceptre,—thanking Thee
That rather Thou hast cast me out with her,
Than left me lorn of her in paradise;—
With angel looks and angel songs around,
To shew the absence of her eyes and voice,
And make society full desertness,
Without the uses of her comforting.

Eve. Or is it but a dream of thee, that speaks
Mine own love's tongue?

Adam. Because with her, I stand
Upright, as far as can be in this fall,
And look away from heaven, which doth accuse me,
And look up from the earth which doth convict me,
Into her face; and crown my discrowned brow
Out of her love; and put the thought of her
Around me, for an Eden full of birds;
And lift her body up—thus—to my heart;
And with my lips upon her lips,—thus, thus,—
Do quicken and sublimite my mortal breath,
Which cannot climb against the grave's steep sides,
But overtops this grief!

Eve. I am renewed:
My eyes grow with the light which is in thine;
The silence of my heart is full of sound.
Hold me up—so! Because I comprehend
This human love, I shall not be afraid
Of any human death; and yet because
I know this strength of love, I seem to know
Death's strength, by that same sign. Kiss on my lips,
To shut the door close on my rising soul,—
Lest it pass onwards in astonishment,
And leave thee lonely.

Adam. Yet thou liest, Eve,
Bent heavily on thyself across mine arm,
Thy face flat to the sky.

Eve. Ay! and the tears
Running, as it might seem, my life from me;
They run so fast and warm. Let me lie so,
And weep so,—as if in a dream or prayer,—
Unfastening, clasp by clasp, the hard, tight thought
Which clipped my heart, and shewed me evermore
Loathed of thy justice as I loathe the snake,
And as the pure ones loathe our sin. To-day,
All day, beloved, as we fled across
This desolating radiance, east by swords
Not suns,—my lips prayed soundless to myself,
Rocking against each other—O Lord God!
(Twas so I prayed) I ask Thee by my sin,
And by thy curse, and by thy blameless heavens,
Make dreadful haste to hide me from thy face,
And from the face of my beloved here,
For whom I am no helpmate, quick away

Into the new dark mystery of death!
I will lie still there; I will make no plaint;
I will not sigh, nor sob, nor speak a word,—
Nor struggle to come back beneath the sun,
Where peradventure I might sin anew
Against thy mercy and his pleasure. Death,
Oh death, whate'er it be, is good enough
For such as I.—For Adam—there's no voice,
Shall ever say again, in heaven or earth,
It is not good for him to be alone.

Adam. And was it good for such a prayer to pass,
My unkind Eve, betwixt our mutual lives?
If I am exiled, must I be bereaved?

Eve. 'Twas an ill prayer: it shall be prayed no more;
And God did use it for a foolishness,
Giving no answer. Now my heart has grown
Too high and strong for such a foolish prayer:
Love makes it strong: and since I was the first
In the transgression, with a steady foot
I will be first to tread from this sword-glare
Into the outer darkness of the waste,—
And thus I do it.

Adam. Thus I follow thee,
As erewhile in the sin.

This is poetry; but many portions of the drama, and especially the lyrics with which it abounds, are singularly obscure.

A few sonnets next invite attention, and Miss BARRETT has certainly mastered the difficulties of this species of poem; she makes each one the expression of a single sentiment, gradually expanded and brought to its climax in the last couplet. We must be content with two only, as specimens of her success in this accomplishment:—

GRIEF.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless—
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the bleaching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death;
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath!
Touch it! the marble eyelids are not wet—
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assail.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

The *Romaunt of the Page* and *The Lay of the Brown Rosary* are revivals of the old English ballad, to which Miss BARRETT appears to be extremely partial; and certainly she has caught the spirit of that pleasing form of poetry, best shewn in a poem of considerable length, entitled *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, with which the first volume concludes. This ballad tells the tale of a young man of low birth falling in love with a lady of high degree, who first scorns his affection, and then, when the shock of her refusal has well nigh killed him, goes to his bedside, retracts, and accepts him. A great deal of poetry is strewn about this ballad. Here is

AN EVENING SKETCH.

In that ancient hall of Wycombe, thronged the numerous guests
invited,
And the lovely London ladies trod the floors with gliding feet;
And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly
freighted
All the air about the windows, with elastic laughter sweet.

For at eve, the open windows flung their light out on the terrace,
Which the floating orbs of curtains, did with gradual shadow sweep;

While the swans upon the river, fed at morning by the heiress,
Trembled downward through their snowy wings, at music in their sleep.

And there evermore was music, both of instrument and singing,
Till the finches of the shrubberies grew restless in the dark;
But the cedars stood up motionless, each in a moonlight ringing,
And the deer, half in the glimmer, strewed the hollows of the park.

THE LADY GERALDINE.

In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh of rider,
Spread out cheery from the court-yard, till we lost them in the hills;

While herself and other ladies, and her suitors left beside her,
Went a-wandering up the gardens, through the laurels and abeles.

Thus, her foot upon the new-mown grass—bareheaded—with the flowings
Of the virginal white vesture, gathered closely to her throat;

With the golden ringlets in her neck, just quickened by her going,
And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to float,—

With a branch of dewy maple, which her right hand held above her,
And which trembled a green shadow in betwixt her and the skies,—

As she turned her face in going, thus, she drew me on to love her,
And to study the deep meaning of the smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smiled constantly: her lips had serious sweetness,
And her front was calm—the dimple rarely rippled on her cheek;

But her deep blue eyes smiled constantly,—as if they had by fitness
Won the secret of a happy dream, she did not care to speak.

The second volume opens with *The Vision of Poets*, more mystical even than the drama, the design of which was, as she describes it, "to indicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifice." There is too much truth in the remarks which follow:—

In the eyes of the living generation, the poet is at once a richer and a poorer man than he used to be; he wears better broadcloth, but speaks no more oracles; and the evil of this social incrustation over a great idea, is eating deeper and more fatally into our literature, than either readers or writers may apprehend fully. I have attempted to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the self-abnegation implied in it, of the great work involved in it, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called "la patience angélique du génie;" and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge. It is enough to say of the other poems, that scarcely one of them is unambitious of an object and a significance.

The design is better than the execution; the latter is too fantastic even for poetry, and certainly without the explanation in the preface we should have been mightily puzzled to discover the drift of the 350 verses of which the first is a fair sample:—

A poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.

The *Rhyme of the Duchess May* is another ballad having a great deal more poetry in it than any thing we have yet lighted upon. Its metre is quaint, and the refrain gives it an air of solemnity and melancholy. The introduction will exhibit its peculiarities and its beauties.

In the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,—
Toll slowly!

And the oldest ringer said, "Ours is music for the Dead,
When the rebeckers are all done."

Six abeles i' the kirkyard grow, on the northside in a row,—
Toll slowly!

And the shadows of their tops, rock across the little slopes
Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west, a small river runs in haste,—
Toll slowly!

And between the river flowing, and the fair green trees a-growing,
Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I sate that day, up against a willow grey:—
Toll slowly!

Through the rain of willow-branches, I could see the low hill-ranges,
And the river on its way.

There I sate beneath the tree, and the bell tolled solemnly,—
Toll slowly!

While the trees' and rivers' voices flowed between the solemn noises,—
Yet death seemed more loud to me.

There, I read this ancient rhyme, while the bell did all the time—
Toll slowly!

And the solemn knell fell in with the tale of life and sin,
Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

Then, having narrated the legend, the poet thus concludes:—

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,—
Toll slowly!

And I read this ancient rhyme, in the kirkyard, while the chime
Slowly tolled for one at rest.

The abeles moved in the sun, and the river smooth did run,—
Toll slowly!

And the ancient rhyme rang strange, with its passion and its change,
Here, where all done lay undone.

And beneath a willow tree, I a little grave did see,—
Toll slowly!

Where was graved,—"HERE UNDEFILED, LIETH MAUD, A
THREE-YEAR CHILD,

"EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE."

Then, O Spirits—did I say—ye who rode so fast that day,—
Toll slowly!

Did star-wheels and angel-wings, with their holy winnowings,
Keep beside you all the way?

Though in passion ye would dash, with a blind and heavy crash,
Toll slowly!

Up against the thick-bossed shield of God's judgment in the field,—
Though your heart and brain were rash,—

Now your will is all unwilling—now, your pulses are all stilled,—
Toll slowly!

Now, ye lie as meek and mild (whereso laid) as Maud the child,
Whose small grave to-day was filled.

Beating heart and burning brow, ye are very patient now,—
Toll slowly!

And the children might be bold to pluck the kingcups from your mould,
Ere a month had let them grow.

And you let the goldfinch sing, in the alder near, in spring,—
Toll slowly!

Let her build her nest and sit all the three weeks out on it,
Murmuring not at any thing.

In your patience ye are strong; cold and heat ye take not:
wrong:—
Toll slowly!

When the trumpet of the angel blows eternity's evangel,
Time will seem to you not long.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!

And I said in underbreath,—all our life is mixed with death,—
And who knoweth which is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,—
Toll slowly!

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with a number of poems, of various merit, but all exhibiting the two faults of prolixity and obscurity. Simplicity of thought and structure is essential to the lyric. But Miss BARRETT's lyrics are more like essays or sermons, and every verse requires of the reader a pause, for the purpose of reflection, and for interpreting its meaning. Hence it is that Miss BARRETT does not appear to so much advantage in these minor poems; and, indeed, were she to be judged

by them alone, she would run no small risk of a condemnatory verdict. The best of the collection are, *A Child Asleep*, *The Cry of the Children*, and *The Dead Pan*. But these are too long to permit us to extract them entire, much as they would grace the columns of THE CRITIC. We can only venture upon parts of them.

A CHILD ASLEEP.

How he sleepeth! having drunken
Weary childhood's mandragore,
From his pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures, to make room for more—
Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he pulled the day
before.

Vision unto vision calleth,
While the young child dreameth on.
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
With the glory thou hast won!
Darker wert thou in the garden, yesternorn, by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee,—were the clouds away!
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay—
Singing!—Stars that seem the mutest, go in music all the way.

Haply it is angel's duty,
During slumber, shade by shade,
To fine down this childish beauty
To the thing it must be made,
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb shall see it fade.

Softly, softly! make no noises!
Now he lieth dead and dumb—
Now he hears the angels' voices
Folding silence in the room—
Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as they
come.

Speak not! he is consecrated—
Breathe no breath across his eyes.
Lifted up and separated
On the hand of God he lies,
In a sweetness beyond touching,—held in cloistral sanctities.

Could ye bless him—father—mother?
Bless the dimple in his cheek?
Dare ye look at one another,
And the benediction speak?
Would ye not break out in weeping, and confess yourselves too
weak?

He is harmless—ye are sinful,—
Ye are troubled—he, at ease!
From his slumber, virtue winful
Floweth outward with increase—
Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace—and go in peace.

If there is beauty in this, there is power in the next:—

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?—
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago—
The old tree is leafless in the forest—
The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"

"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!"

Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—

Our grave-rest is very far to seek!

Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,

For the outside earth is cold,—

And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,

And the graves are for the old!

"True," say the young children, "it may happen

That we die before our time!

Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen

Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her—

Was no room for any work in the close clay:

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,

Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,

With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—

Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—

And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in

The shroud, by the kirk-chime!

It is good when it happens," say the children,

"That we die before our time!"

Alas, the wretched children! they are seeking

Death in life, as best to have!

They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—

Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,

And we cannot run or leap—

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely

To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—

We fall upon our faces, trying to go;

And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,

The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,

Through the coal-dark, underground—

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron

In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—

Their wind comes in our faces,—

Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,

And the walls turn in their places—

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—

Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—

All are turning, all the day, and we with all!—

And all day, the iron wheels are droning;

And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels! (breaking out in a mad moaning),

'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth—

Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion

Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—

Let them prove their inward souls against the notion

That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,

As if Fate in each were stark;

And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark.

There is more than mere poetry in this, and we have been tempted to take so much of it for the sake of the subject that we have left no room for aught from the *Dead Pan*, but the reader must seek it in the volume.

We have already remarked that Miss BARRETT is no holiday poet, no album scribbler, no amateur verse maker, but a labourer at her vocation, setting to it as to earnest and serious work, which undoubtedly it is. The spirit in which she writes cannot be too warmly praised, nor too earnestly recommended to all who purpose authorship, whether in prose or in poetry. In her preface she observes:—

I would fain do better—and I feel as if I might do better: I aspire to do better. It is no new form of the nympholepsy of poetry, that my ideal should fly before me: and if I cry out too hopefully at sight of the white vesture receding between the cypresses, let me be blamed gently if justly. In any case, while my poems are full of faults—as I go forward to my critics and confess—they have my heart and life in them—they are not empty shells. If it must be said of me that I have contributed immemorable verses to the many rejected by the age, it cannot at least be said that I have done so in a light and irresponsible spirit. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being—but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain—and as work I offer it to the public—feeling its short-comings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration—but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere.

With such a sense of her calling, and such natural gifts to cultivate, Miss BARRETT can scarcely fail to secure the place at which she aims; but she must strive after more simplicity of thought and of expression than she has yet achieved, or she will not stir the hearts of men as it is the high mission of poetry to stir them. As yet she does not find admirers beyond the range of the study, and surely she has a larger ambition than that.

Thom's Rhymes and Recollections.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

WE published in our last an outline of the biographical portion of this volume; we now turn to the poems. They call for no elaborate criticism. Undoubtedly they are vigorous and graphic compositions. The longest of them, "*The Blind Boy's Pranks*," exhibits considerable humour, and much of the simple earnestness of the great poet of Scotland. The best of these poems are in the author's native tongue, and our choice is consequently limited to a few which will not so fairly exhibit his powers as those we pass by. Here is one with an air of originality about it:—

OLD FATHER FROST AND HIS FAMILY.

"Grim father Frost, he hath children twain,
The cloud-born daughters of Lady Rain;
The elder a coquetish pattering thing,
Would woo you in winter and pelt you in spring;
At times you might scarce feel her feathery fall,
Anon she will beard you with icicle ball;
When the warrings of heaven roll higher and higher,
She, coward-like, flees from the conflict of fire—
Yet heightens the havoc, for her feeble power,
Tho' scathless the oak, how it fells the frail flower!
And the bud of the berry, the bloom of the bean,
Are founder'd to earth by the merciless quean;
E'en the stout stems of summer full often must quail
To this rattling, brattling, head-breaking hail.
I'll not say a word of how rudely she breaks
On the dream of the garret, doomed maid, and awakes
A thousand regrets in the marrowless* lass
And cruelly mimics the 'touch on the glass,'
With her cold little pearls, that dance, bound, and play,
Like our ain bonny bairns on Candlemas day.
You know her meek sister? O, soft is the fall
Of her fairy footsteps on hut and on hall!
To hide the old father's bleak doings below,
In pity she cometh, the minist'ring snow.
With her mantle she covers the shelterless trees,
As they groan to the howl of the Borean breeze;
And baffles the search of the subtle wind,
Guarding each crevice, lest it should find
Its moaning way to the fireless fold
Of the trembling young and the weeping old,
When through her white bosom the daisy appears,
She greets the fair stranger with motherly tears!

* Marrowless—unmarried.

And they mingle so sweet with the golden ray
Of the struggling beam that chides her away.
But where's the last speck of her brightness seen,
Mid the bursting spring and its saucy green?
In the coldest side of yon lone churchyard,
Neglected graves she loveth to ward;
But not where gorgeous marble pleads,
And frequent foot of mourner treads;
But down by the stranger's noteless lair,
Where sighs are few and footsteps rare,—
She loveth—she loveth to linger there!
O'er hearts forgotten that sleep below,
There is none to weep but the friendly snow."

A sweet plaintive lay is

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

"When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame;
Wha stan's last an' lanely, an' naeboddy carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!
The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee, backit heclies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!
Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams tremble there,
O' hands that wot kindly to kame his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!
Yon sister, wha sang o'er his saftly-rocked bed,
Noo rests in the mools whaur her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens nae the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn!
Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his lone, lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!
Oh! speak him nae harshly—he trembles the while—
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!"

And a creditable specimen of his powers is

SECOND LOVE.

"The breast that has felt love, justly shrinks from the idea of its total extinction as from annihilation itself."

"O say not love will never
Breathe in that breast again;
That where he bled must ever
All pleasureless remain.
Shall tempest-riven blossom,
When fair leaves fall away,
In coldness close its bosom
'Gainst beams of milder day?
O never, nay!
It blooms where'er it may.
Though ruthless tempest tear—
Though biting frosts subdue,
And leave no tendril where
Love's pretty flow'rets grew;
The soil all ravaged so
Will nurture more and more,
And stately roses blow
Where gowans droop'd before;
Then why, O why
Should sweet love ever die?"

We now take leave of the weaver poet, trusting that the darkest hours of his life are past, and desirous of receiving from him a faithful detailed picture of the life of a working man, wherein its lights and shadows shall be painted with strict truthfulness. It would be a most interesting and instructive contribution to our literature, and we know of no man so competent by his abilities and experiences to perform it as WILLIAM THOM, whose memoir and poems we commend, not to the charity alone, but to the judgment of our readers.

EDUCATION.

Arithmetic, designed for the use of Schools. By the Rev. J. W. COLENSO, M.A. Second edition. London: Longman and Co.

ALREADY THE CRITIC has had occasion to notice many works professing to make arithmetic easy to young

beginners. Whatever their success, it is certain that nothing could be worse than the old school methods, which convey the theory of the science in abstruse form and language difficult beyond the reach of juvenile capacities, and the practice by the longest and most tedious processes. With so much room for improvement, it would be wonderful if any new instructor should fail to be better than the antique ones, and we have accordingly noticed, in all the works of this class which have been submitted to us, considerable advances towards the proper object of a school-book, viz. to make the child understand as well as commit to memory.

Upon the whole, Mr. COLENSO's treatise is, we think, the best we have seen. It is not intended for the very young, and we notice here and there expressions that would be likely to perplex many a lad of some standing in a school; but if the master will help him over these stumbling-blocks, there are few boys of ten or twelve years who might not readily march with Mr. COLENSO from his introductory definition of the idea of numbers, through simple, and then compound arithmetic, which is to conclude the student's first course. The second stage initiates him into the mysteries of vulgar fractions; the third carries him to decimals; the fourth and last to the rules of proportion, and those parts of the science in which more continued exercise of the reasoning faculty is required. To this the author has devoted special attention, it being, as he truly observes, the most neglected in ordinary school-books; and we may congratulate him on the success with which he has accomplished this portion of his difficult task.

It should be observed, that each course is illustrated by a number of examples, which help alike the master and the pupil, and render unnecessary the *Keys*, which boys at all times have made it their boast to peep into, and which have produced the evil effect of enabling many persons to set up as teachers who are in truth more ignorant than those they presume to teach.

The University System of Private Tuition, examined in an Intellectual, Moral, and Pecuniary point of view. By the Rev. JAMES HILDYARD, M.A., Fellow and Senior Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge. London, 1844. Parker.

WHILE we deprecate the restless revolutionary spirit that assails all ancient institutions, whose greatest crime in the eyes of the assailants is their age, we are not of those who would as irrationally resist the introduction of such changes as experience suggests, or time has rendered necessary, in order to adapt them to the altered circumstances of the era in which we live.

The Universities have long been the favourite mark at which juvenile Radicalism has aimed its shafts. But the politicians of this school have been content with vilifying the public portions of the University system, such as its tests, its government, its course of education, its patronage. Some of their complaints were acknowledged to be just, and considerable efforts have been and are still being made for their removal, while others, which have proceeded mainly from political or sectarian spleen, are, and will continue to be, treated with contempt.

Not so a complaint coming from an influential quarter within the University, and from a writer whose motives are beyond suspicion, who speaks the lessons of experience, and gives public utterance, with commendable courage, to sentiments which he asserts to be privately avowed by almost all the leading men of Cambridge. Mr. HILDYARD has published the pamphlet upon our table purposely to oppose the system of Private Tuition, as at present prevailing; and it must be confessed that, until we had read his exposition of them, we had entertained no adequate sense of the mischiefs it produces.

Its evils are classed by him under a threefold division, *intellectual, moral, and financial*. Intellectual, inasmuch as private tuition is generally a substitute for individual exertion. It is a process of *cramming*. It tempts the student to rely on others rather than on himself. Then the College and Private Tuition are often at variance, to the great distraction of the pupil; and lastly, Mr. HILDYARD asserts that "a considerable portion of the Private Tuition of the University is in the hands of those who have themselves never attained any high academical honours."

The *moral* evils result from the irresponsible situation of the private tutors, with regard to their pupils. They usurp so much of the business of the public teachers, as to destroy the influence of the latter, without substituting an equivalent influence of their own. Nay, the private tutor is more frequently the antagonist of the College in this respect, the refuge of the wrong-doer and his shield, rather than his Mentor. Hear Mr. HILDYARD's description in proof.

"If a pupil gets into a scrape; if he runs in debt; if he is idle, dissolute, debauched; smokes, drinks, gambles; frequents billiard-houses, or other places of more questionable resort:—with all this the private tutor has no concern. It is the duty of the college to see to it. The father of the young man, or the proctor, or the vice-chancellor, makes it no part of his business to inquire who was his *private* tutor, when any of the above offences bring the delinquent up for judgment. His *college* tutor must be summoned, and straitly examined into the young man's previous habits, his regularity, his attendance at lectures and chapels, his ordinary appearance within the college gates after nightfall, and so forth. It is never questioned how many times he 'cut' his *private* tutor; how often, under pretext of attending him, he had frequented Newmarket, or rode a steeple-chase, or witnessed a hurdle-race at 'Six Mile Bottom.'

"On the contrary, all these he may talk of as freely as he pleases during 'his hour' with the private tutor;—it is a matter of honour that such confidence will not be betrayed!

"In proportion, therefore, as the pupil feels his responsibility to the one, and his independence as regards the other, will, in a great measure, be the reciprocal affection of the parties, and the pupil's disposition to resort for confidential advice, or familiar society, to the latter, while he dislikes and shuns the former. The public tutor is looked upon instinctively as a spy, a 'don,' a bugbear, a sort of *custos in loco parentis*;—while the other may be made privy with impunity to all misdoings; may be often made to listen to a rehearsal of last night's adventures, in lieu of working the distasteful problem, which the aching head or the throbbing pulse unfit the pupil, *pro hac vice*, to attempt. May it not be added, that 'to cut' the private tutor (*i. e.* to miss the hour appointed for the pupil's presence) is too much calculated to be a gainful proceeding to the master as well as to the scholar?—the too punctual knock at the door being no very acceptable sound to many, whose every hour, from seven in the morning to four in the afternoon, and from six to nine or ten in the evening, is taken up with the *cramme repetita*, copiously supplied to them by the nauseous task of 'coaching,' as the Oxford term emphatically designates the driving restive or unpractised colts along the dull and dusty road of elementary instruction.

"That some private tutors have been in request because they allow their pupils to smoke their cigar while imbibing dry and unpalatable knowledge; and will even condescend to share in the pastime, perhaps not unaccompanied with the beverage best calculated to drench in oblivion the wits of the taught and the teacher together;—that some are reputed for their skill in a hand at whist, or *vingt-un*; some for their stroke at billiards; some for the readiness with which they have been known to administer to the pecuniary necessities of their pupils;—are happily cases of such rare (though not unprecedented) occurrence, that they only require hinting at, to shew the gulf which an irresponsible, and yet scarcely unrecognized, system of instruction, in a place like the University, opens to our view."

The *pecuniary* considerations are not contemptible. Mr. HILDYARD asserts that in the University of Cambridge alone 50,000*l.* per annum is consumed on the

article of private tuition. An increase in the number of college tutors would, he thinks, serve all the purposes of tuition, and a slight addition to their present remuneration would tempt the better men to remain at college after taking their degrees. His proposal is, that a further stipend should be given to the junior fellows of the colleges, "with the understanding that a certain portion of the students would be allotted to each, according to their several degrees of attainment, for the purpose of rendering them private assistance in their reading, *supplemental* to the ordinary college lectures, but in support of, and not at variance with them;" and he is confident that if there be not a sufficient staff already, the demand would speedily create the supply.

We presume that he would prohibit the employment of private tutors, save in the vacations. This would be necessary, or the idle would continue to employ them.

Mr. HILDYARD is not insensible to the difficulties that lie in the way of his suggested reform. In tutorship, as in every thing else, there are *vested rights* to be consulted; or, to speak more accurately, *vested interests*, for tutorship is a profession, and men have married, and abandoned all other pursuits for it, calculating on its permanence. They must be compensated; but it may be done by giving to all the existing ones places as *public* tutors. A second difficulty lies in the smaller colleges wanting a proper supply of good men for the purpose; but these may be procured from the disbanded private tutors. Thirdly, it may be asked why, if the rich man can pay for the luxury of a tutor, he may not have the right to employ one? But the University, as such, knows nothing of relative degrees of wealth; all her students are her children, she is bound to care and to provide equally for all, and if, as she undertakes to do, she gives the *best* education to all, it is weakening her lessons and authority to permit any to go elsewhere for teachings.

Such is an outline of the arguments of this pamphlet, and it will be seen that they deserve the serious consideration of all who feel an interest in the welfare of our Universities.

PERIODICALS.

The Polytechnic Review and Magazine, for September.

No. III. New Series. Mortimer.

It will be unnecessary again to describe the design of this prosperous journal; enough to say, that the September number exhibits that steady progress towards excellence which has distinguished it from its commencement. The contents are various and attractive. An article on the electro-magnetic telegraph describes in a manner that makes it intelligible to the *unscientific* reader that very interesting instrument. Dr. SCOFFERN has contributed a curious paper on projectile weapons of war and explosive compounds. Mr. WEST's lecture on the *Antiquity of Music* abounds in learning. From this we take two or three passages, which will amuse our readers.

MUSIC IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV.

"In the reign of Edward the Fourth, music, after long living a vagrant life, and being passed from parish to parish, seems, by the favour of that monarch, to have acquired a settlement, for it appears by his letters patent, bearing date the 24th April, 1469, that this prince did, for himself and heirs, give and grant (unto Walter Haliday, marshal, John Cuff, Robert Marshall, and others, then minstrels of the said king) that 'they by themselves should be in deed and name, one body and cominality, perpetual and capable in the law, and should have perpetual succession, and that they might at their pleasure name, choose, and ordain, and successively constitute among themselves, one marshal, able and fit to remain in that office during his life, and also two wardens every year, to govern the said fraternity and guild.'"

"CURIOUS MUSICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Extracted from a collection of title-pages, devices, and advertisements in the British Museum. No. 5936.

'Advertisement.

'To all lovers of the best sort of Music.

'Men say the times are strange—'tis true,
'Cause many strange things hap to be;
Let it not then seem strange to you,
That here one strange more you see.

"That is, in Devereux-court, next the Grecian Coffee House, at the Temple back gate, there is a deaf person teaching music to perfection, who by reason of his great age (77) is come to town with his whole stock of rich musical furniture, instruments, and books, to put off to whomsoever delights in such choice things; for he hath nothing light or vain, but all substantial and solid music."

Captain WARNER's supposed invention is treated at some length. Mr. PRINCE has communicated a valuable paper on *The Patent Laws of Great Britain* and other countries. There is much more of attractive material which we have not space to name.

The Church of England Quarterly Review. London, October, 1844. W. E. Painter.

OUR literature has become thoroughly sectarian. Every book is written with a purpose to advance one set of opinions or depress another. Novels, poetry, history, and even divine philosophy are pressed into the service of sect or party, and the search after TRUTH is almost unknown to author-craft.

But this terrible taint of modern books is wholly without excuse, for there are legitimate vehicles for the promulgation of particular opinions, where they may worthily be advocated in the form of essay or review, at the fancy of the writer. Every sect, however small, has now its one or more periodicals expressly devoted to the furtherance of its interests, and they who are not by duty led to look into them have little conception of the amount of ability expended in their pages.

The Established Church, as comprising the most numerous and most wealthy of the community, possesses the greater number of these advocates, which extend from the *Penny Weekly Magazine* to the broad sheet of the newspaper, the *Monthly Magazine*, and the *Quarterly Review*. Of these the foremost in position is that which appears at the head of this notice.

And it is worthy of its high vocation. It concentrates in its pages great learning, great piety, and often great talent. It is conducted with singular good taste and soundness of judgment. The editor has the tact which teaches him how to cater for the many-headed public. He judiciously mingles his material, alternating the more serious with the more amusing topics, and though the Church is never out of sight, considerable space is given to the progress of general literature.

The articles in the new number fully justify these remarks. The first is devoted to the ticklish subjects of "Apostolic Succession, Episcopacy, and Priesthood." The reviewer has managed it very dexterously, for we are not quite sure whether he sides with or opposes the Tractarian party, although his leanings seem to us to imply more of "yes" than "no." But the composition of this essay is singularly powerful, and it will well repay perusal. An article on "Educational Systems for the People," taking the controversial pamphlets of THIERS and DE LAMARTINE for its text, treats the question of education in this country, and warmly advocates the claim of the Church to the conduct of it. "Partial Derangement of the Mind in supposed connection with Religion," is a review of a curious work by the late Dr. CHEYNE. CHATEAUBRIAND's *Life of Rancé* gives occasion to an essay on the "Founders and Followers of Trappism" both historical and reflective. A fierce attack on Popery occupies article the sixth, the composition of which is better than the spirit. *Vigilantius and his Times* is reviewed, and then an elaborate political pamphlet on "Ireland and the Irish" mingles somewhat too much of party politics with the theological matter which belongs especially to a religious periodical. It is, however, very ably written, though out of place. These elaborate papers are

followed by a condensed report of the ecclesiastical news of the quarter and some short notices of new books in general literature. We have not space for extracts now; perhaps we may call some on another opportunity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Revelations of Russia; or, the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire in 1844. By "One who has seen and describes." In Two vols. London, 1844. Colburn. "AND nothing is but what is not," we exclaimed, echoing the language of the perplexed Macbeth, as we rose from the perusal of these strange volumes. We had read the Marquis of LONDONDERRY'S panegyric on Russia, the Marquis DE CUSTINE'S philosophical frenzies about Russia, when, with imagination glowing with the pictures of paternal government, a benevolent despot, and a submissive but prosperous people, we turned to the *Revelations of Russia*, expecting to find the gorgeous vision heightened by further evidences of the lofty virtues of the Emperor, and the lowlier, but not less substantial, happiness of his subjects.

But how different the scene presented to us by the noblemen who beheld every thing through the atmosphere of a court, and the masked author of these volumes, who has looked at society in the open air; the former had but inspected the machinery, and it appeared so bright, and smooth, and cunningly devised, that they were wrapped in admiration of the genius that framed and worked, and kept it in repair, so that they did not note the texture of its fabrics; the latter has given his attention to the working and the works of that gigantic state engine, and finding them deformed and hideous, he has proclaimed to the world the results of his investigations, and assuredly he will startle the complacency of many whom the descriptions of his aristocratic predecessors had almost lured into a preference for a pure despotism over the free institutions of their own country.

It is, however, more than probable that the writer of these *Revelations* is one-sided; the tone and treatment of his subject are those of a decided partisan who has enlisted personal feeling in aid of political prejudice. We are by no means inclined to place implicit reliance upon his statements; many we should reject altogether, as bearing improbability, if not impossibility, upon the face of them; others we should accept with an allowance for the colouring of an advocate making out a case; but after these deductions enough remains to call up a blush into the cheeks of all true-hearted Englishmen, that their countrymen should have so far forgotten themselves as to receive with the cheer that ought to be reserved by freemen for the champions of freedom, the impersonation of the most heartless despotism that ever afflicted the human race, and the perpetrator of more cruelties in a month than all the monarchs of the civilized world beside commit in a century.

It has been said that the author of these *Revelations* is not worthy of credit, because he preserves the anonymous. Doubtless he has good reasons for his incognito. He must be very intimately acquainted with Russia and the Russians; he must be a native of the country, or one who has lived in it for many years; it is probable that he has at some time occupied a post in the government. If he had dared to set his name to such a document, we should more have doubted his authority than we do now that he withholds it. No man who *knew* the facts would venture to set his signature to them. But, judging by the intrinsic evidence, we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that the author is one who speaks from experience, and that substantially he is entitled to credence, though with due allowance for the one-sidedness of partisanship.

These *Revelations* have, we believe, already partially

appeared in *The United Service Journal*, where they excited a great deal of curiosity. Their publication in this enlarged and complete form was a judicious step, for they cannot fail to be widely read. Indeed, as the author justly observes in his preface, the subject is "fraught with interest to every friend of humanity, because involving the present condition of one-twelfth of the whole human race, together with the prospect of a much larger portion of it, and to every Englishman, because treating of the empire next in power and magnitude to his own; an empire antagonistic to the feelings, institutions, and material interests of the people to which he belongs; one against which this nation must some day inevitably find itself arrayed, even if neglectful of more noble impulses, by the mere force of these material interests, as the champion of the freedom, enlightenment, and civilization of a large portion of mankind, against the adverse principle which Russia not only represents, but seeks to propagate with the extension of its rule."

The author protests against the charge of being animated by any personal feeling against the present Emperor, his hostility being directed entirely against the system. He says of him—

A long study of his character and acts has taught him that if he be a more complete tyrant, he is not a worse individual than the average of his predecessors; he is a more complete tyrant, because he has the power of being so. Many successive reigns, like the growth of succeeding years which bring a tree to maturity, have improved and completed the mechanism of a vast engine of levelling Oriental despotism, and enabled him to use it with the full light of European science; whilst all his passions and propensities, tending towards the acquisition of absolute power, have never diverted him, like his predecessors, from that object.

But we must take leave to question his sincerity in this respect. Perhaps he fancies that he has not permitted his personal enmity to dictate his descriptions; but men are never conscious that colours which are really in their own disordered eyes are not the real hues of the objects at which they gaze. Still, with the most liberal allowance for any such self-deceptions, what an awful picture of despotism is contained in these few lines:—

During the nineteen years of his reign, only seven men have been condemned to death, but probably more than in all the united reigns alluded to have in reality perished by the hands of the executioner. Men, indeed, are not decapitated, impaled, or hanged up by the ribs with hooks, as formerly; but whole companies of Polish prisoners are flogged to death; the knout and plitt, which tear away in strips the muscles from the bone, have been inflicted upon thousands and thousands for political offences, who die within a day or two, or perish on the Siberian journey which inevitably follows. So those have been treated who only refused to change the faith of their fathers on an imperial order.

We read with horror, that under the long regency of Biren, twenty thousand individuals were banished to Siberia for political crimes. The Emperor Nicholas, on the lowest computation, has sent on the same weary journey two hundred and fifty thousand—a quarter of a million of individuals! Of these, three-fifths had offended politically, in some direct or indirect manner.

And again:—

The influence of wealth, of family, of customs, and of privileges, affords no longer any shelter. Prudent as he is in disposition, being aware that he possesses a power unparalleled, he uses it in a manner unprecedented. Not only does he hourly trample on both his great vanquished enemies—the nobility of his empire, and the Polish nation—not only has he uprooted whole races, and succeeded in extirpating the religious creed of millions—but he seems now bent both on destroying the nationality and religious faith of the whole of Poland, even, if required, by transplanting its population into Asia. Political violence and cruelties, the mere extirpation of

races or of creeds, would be nothing, however, to the condition to which his own subjects are reduced—comparatively nothing—because races are doomed, according to the law of nature, to perish; and creeds flourish and wither, and being immaterial, spring again from their ashes. But the dull, monotonous, hopeless, all-pervading oppression to which his subjects are reduced, producing the same moral effect on the human mind as the slough of his northern bogs on the human frame sinking into it, blinding the eyes, silencing the tongue, and paralyzing the agglutinated limbs, is infinitely more terrible—doubly terrible, because it is a destiny the sufferers must not only endure, but propagate, by foreign conquest, and by the natural re-production and increase of population.

Let us now pass from this general description to details.

One of the most useful instruments in the despotism of Russia is *deceit* :—

The chief course of government consists in the attempts of the governed to deceive its agents; of its agents, through every scale of the ladder, to deceive the Emperor; and on the part of the Emperor, to impose upon one part of his people the belief that he is the chosen of Heaven, the representative of the Godhead upon earth, the living providence; on the other, the notion that he is the man of destiny, against whose power and fortune all resistance would be hopeless.

The next, the suppression of information on any occurrences which might tend to disturb the notion of its infallibility so strenuously sought to be imposed by the Government, not only upon its own subjects but upon Europe. Revolts are common, but they are rarely heard of beyond the provinces in which they occur. The press is silent, and people dare not open their lips, though thousands may have been murdered at their very doors. These rebellions are raised by the serfs, who are incessantly labouring to effect their freedom. Nor can this be wondered at when the condition of the Russian serf is understood. It is no better, says our author, "than that of the negro slaves of the Havannah or Carolina." "Practically, the slave is, in Russia, as completely at his master's mercy as any slave has ever been at any period. He can sell him, he can strip him of his property, he can separate families for ever, he can torture him to death." The author has seen a nobleman amuse himself by making his slaves stand for hours on one leg! And again :—

It is generally known that some of the wealthiest men—the larger number of the first guild merchants, whose word is good for a hundred thousand pounds on the Exchange at St. Petersburg, and who are possessed of that sum, or still more considerable property—are mostly slaves. Now, the proprietor of these men can to-morrow order them into his scullery or kitchen, or send them, as swineherds or miners, to their village; so he can their children, brought up in all the refinements of luxury. The law does not allow him to strike a slave, unless he be a certain number of miles removed from a police station; he may then inflict any amount of corporal punishment, provided the slave does not die within three days of it. But if he dies upon the spot—as no accusation of a slave can be received against his master—although surrounded by the whole village, witnesses to the execution, there is no means of legally convicting the cruel lord. On the other hand, if there be a police station within a given distance, the master can at any time send his male or female slaves to be beaten with rods. The slave is allowed to make no defence; it is not even discretionary with the low police official not to inflict the punishment; he can only limit the amount of it; and as his real salary is derived from the annual present of the master, the latter always finds it necessary to order moderation instead of enjoining severity. The slave may be sent back as often as the master chooses. If he die on the spot, there is no responsibility for any party.

Venality is the vice of the entire empire, from the highest to the lowest, every officer of the Government having his price. Here is a sketch of the class :—

This nobility of office are designated by the title of "*Che-*

novniks," or men of rank. The lowest of these, who sits behind the desk of a public office, is equally a nobleman with the wealthy descendant of the compeers of the house of Romanoff, and is entitled to all the privileges which the proudest descent confers, including the qualification of becoming a baron or master of slaves, should promotion in office, by giving more ample scope for extortion and public robbery, ever afford him the means of purchasing them. The type of this class may be seen in every government office—a personage who sits in a coat with the imperial button, his green or purple velvet collar designating the department to which he is attached; but who, beneath this insignia of his rank, eschews a shirt, who wraps his feet in a tattered rag, instead of stockings, using his fingers for a pocket-handkerchief, and smelling strongly of *vodka* (corn brandy) and onions. He must be addressed as "*vashe blagorodie*," "your nobility." He rejoices in a salary of 15*l.* per annum, and maintains the dignity of the imperial service by unblushingly pocketing a bribe of a *grivnik* (a coin of the value of threepence-halfpenny English), without which, if you have occasion to ask him even a question, he will not open his lips. This class of *employés* are to be found of every grade—from the individual just described, up to the minister of the imperial court, whose salary is 4,000*l.* and who is calculated to sell his favours at 100,000*l.* per annum more; they differ indeed in fortune and in external refinement, but in point of corruption, venality, and servility, may be unhesitatingly ranked together.

We gather a few, and, for convenience of space, the *shortest* only of the instances of corruption and venality which the author has collected :—

A fire took place in Cronstadt in the summer, and it was found that there was not a horse on the island in which it is situated, although the police master had for years charged for the keep of a large number; he was degraded to a private sailor. The very instalment of his successor began by the extortion of a bribe.

Two years ago, the bank surveyor in the mortgaging department was applied to by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's, to value a house he intended pledging to the bank. The surveyor observed, "My charge is 2,000 roubles (90*l.*); pay them down, and I will give a good valuation without looking at the place, otherwise it shall not be valued at all for weeks, and undervalued then." The aide-de-camp reported the affair to the Emperor; the surveyor was sent to the galleys. Three days after, in the same office, a similar demand was made to a fresh applicant.

A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (450*l.*) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise as many pence, betought him of applying to Count Benkendorf, the chief of the secret service, whom he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of some of the delinquents, and who is one of the four or five men holding office in the empire, who are deemed incorruptible by the common rumour—or, at least, if the Russians utterly disbelieve in the existence of an unlimited integrity, of whom they say, "We do not think even such a sum would buy him." The party referred to offered the count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof of the venality of the president of the Court of Appeal; and for that purpose proposed that he should be intrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded, in notes privately marked. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The count consented. Since the good old times of the reign of Alexander, neither the secretaries, vice-presidents, nor presidents (the parties who in the courts of law receive all bribes affecting the immediate decision of civil or criminal cases) ever make their bargain or receive any money before a third party. Their dread of the anger of Nicholas even occasions them to resort to many precautions formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the amount to him. It must here be observed, that it is not unusual in Russia for the judge to be thus treated. Let the reader imagine the Lord Chancellor of England taking a

white-bait dinner at Greenwich with one of the parties in whose case he was about to decide, and with whom he had only this professional acquaintance! However, the judge's proposition was acceded to, and his host caused an officer of gendarmerie to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance; he signified by the action of his fingers, that their pecuniary transaction had better precede the gastronomic entertainment; the host accordingly gave him over a small roll of bank-notes, the president counted them in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphitryon deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret police agent, and they sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked; it was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer, and bowed him out. At the conclusion of their dinner he was preparing to depart; he had pulled on his shube, and put his hat upon his head; when, on the preconcerted signal, the officer of gendarmerie rushed into the apartment with an order from Count Benkendorf, whose dictum every dignitary in the empire must obey, to search his person. "Do not give yourself the trouble to search him," said the excited nobleman, "you will find the bank-notes in his hat." The president smiled blandly, and took his hat off at once; it was empty; when his nephew went out he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own! The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait, and doubly punished the informer; firstly, by deciding the case against him; and secondly, because, not having substantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the 10,000 roubles advanced by the police. Can any one doubt that this worthy minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Benkendorf's office?"

Stories are told of a father selling his son to the police: a senator giving up a favourite nephew who had escaped from prison, where he lay under sentence of death; and officers of the army taking such small bribes as a five-ruble note, equal to about four shillings and sixpence of our money. The officers of the navy do not hesitate to sell the stores, even to the ropes, sails, and cables. "No Russian vessels ever go out into the Baltic without losing their anchors and parting their cables, and the blessing of a moderate storm always furnishes a long account of stores and guns thrown overboard, which, nevertheless, have seldom been intrusted to Father Neptune." So well understood is this feature of the national character, or rather let us say, this invariable attendant upon despotism, that the Czar ALEXANDER once remarked, "If they only knew where to warehouse them, they would purloin my line-of-battle-ships; if they could do it without waking me, they would steal my teeth while I slept."

The police in Russia is the terrible agent by which the worst atrocities are perpetrated. It is a sort of omnipresent spy, and so vigilant, that even the most private communications are not safe from their arts. Hence the universal reserve, which has become a characteristic of the people.

This police is of two kinds; the civil police and the high police, the latter having the exclusive *espionage* of the nobility; for which purpose they and their agents wear no distinctive costume, but mingle with society, and for the most part are not known to be such until they have laid information against some person whose hospitality they have shared only to betray him. But this fearful body does not limit its labours to Russia; it is spread over Europe; in France alone at least 150 are always resident. The consequences of the system are thus described:—

From what he has heard, from what he has learned and seen, the Russian doubts those nearest and dearest to him: the friend feels occasionally the suspicion flash across his mind that the friendship of long years may prove only a cloak to this fearful *espionage* which the secret police entertains in all classes of society; the brother sometimes dreads to confide to the brother thoughts which may be registered against him, and meet,

at some future period with a retribution, sure if slow; the very bridegroom often questions whether the bride does not open to him her arms to worm from him some secret which may be supposed to exist.

Its *modus operandi* is curious; its power is absolute; every man is bound to obey its orders without questioning.

If a sub-delegate of this grand master, distinguished by the livery of the secret police, present himself in the dead of night before a frontier fortress, before the palace of an imperial prince, or the dwelling of the first magnate of the land, he must have instant admission to the governor, the prince, or the noble—admission even to the bed of death and delirium, or into the nuptial chamber. He may drag any individual into a talega or kibitka without assigning any reason; without intimating why he is taken, whither he is going, or when he will return. Family, servants, and friends must all keep a discreet silence on the event, and never even dare to ask, excepting after long groping their way through some influential channel, if ever, and when, he is to be restored to them.

When the individual so treated returns—if ever he returns—he has been "in the country," he has been "absent on business;" frequently he is himself ignorant of the causes of his abduction; but he seldom confides what happened in the course of it, even to the ear of most confidential intimacy.

(To be continued.)

Evenings of a Working Man. By JOHN OVERS. With a Preface, by C. DICKENS, Esq. London, 1844. Newby.

IN our last number we noticed at length the poems of WILLIAM THOM, the Aberdeenshire weaver; we would now say a few words on a little volume published some months ago by JOHN OVERS, a London carpenter. He was kindly introduced to the public by its deserved favourite CHARLES DICKENS, who, in an admirable preface, spoke of the wants, the sufferings, the desires, and the merits of its author, at that time in a precarious state of health. His wants, sufferings, and desires are now ended; for he has gone to that other world where pain and care are no more. But he has left behind him a widow and six young children, who have to struggle with poverty for life. Before his death JOHN OVERS published (with the assistance of Mr. DICKENS) this little volume, composed of poems and papers written after his day's work was done, or when he was unable, from physical weakness, to work. We, like Mr. DICKENS, "have no intention of comparing OVERS with BURNS, the exciseman, or with BLOOMFIELD, the shoemaker, or with EBENEZER ELLIOT, the worker in iron, or with JAMES HOGG, the shepherd," or, indeed, with WILLIAM THOM, the weaver; but still we believe that this little book has much of intrinsic interest. Apart from the consideration of the circumstances in which it was written, we should, perhaps, have deemed it nothing more than tolerable. But when we know how the poor hard-working writer had within him noble tendencies that would not be repressed—that he groped his way alone out of ignorance into the light of partial knowledge—that while his fellows were consuming their leisure in drinking and lounging idleness, with no thought or feeling of better things, this man thirsted after knowledge, and read and wrote to improve his mind. This volume is a proof of the refined and elevated nature of his studies, "the historic page, rich with the spoils of time," he has unrolled, and it has awakened the imaginative power to some purpose, as most persons will admit on perusing "The Register of the Lady Abbess of Godstow," "Magna Charta," and "Norris and Anne Boleyn." The fact of such a book having been written by a working man is in itself evidence of an uncommon mind. We would recommend it to our readers as a literary curiosity, and we will add this reason for the purchase of the volume, that upon its sale Mrs. OVERS depends mainly for her establishment in some light business, by which she hopes to maintain herself and children.

We will conclude with this remark of Mr. DICKENS:

If any delicate readers should approach the perusal of these *Evenings of a Working Man* with a general distaste to the principle of a working man turning author at all, I may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest that the best protection against such an offence will be found in the universal education of the people; for

the enlightenment of the many will effectually swamp any interest that may now attach in vulgar minds to the few among them who are enabled in any degree to overcome the great difficulties of their position. And if such readers should deny the immense importance of communicating to this class, at this time, every possible means of knowledge, refinement, and recreation; or the cause we have to hail with delight the least token that may arise among them of a desire to be wiser, better, and more gentle; I earnestly entreat them to educate themselves in this neglected branch of their own learning without delay, promising them that it is the easiest in its acquisition of any, requiring only open eyes and ears, and six easy lessons of an hour each, in a working town, which will render them perfect for the rest of their lives.

[NOTE by the EDITOR.—We are informed that the widow of JOHN OVERS is in great distress, and that a subscription is being raised for the purpose of enabling her to purchase a small stationery business. We shall be happy to receive for her any donations of the benevolent among our readers, which shall be duly forwarded. She is at present residing at 55, Vauxhall-street, Lambeth.]

The Chinese. By JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, Esq. F.R.S. &c. Governor of Hong Kong. In 3 vols. London, 1844. C. Knight and Co.

THIS is a republication of a work which has already appeared in many shapes, in each attracting a wider circle of readers, as its price was gradually diminished, until now that it has taken its place among Mr. KNIGHT'S Weekly Volumes, and may be had complete for three shillings, it may fairly expect to be welcomed and eagerly perused "by all readers." Its merits are too well known to need formal criticism now; but we may say of it that it is the most faithful and minute account of the Chinese empire, its people, their manners and customs, which has yet been given to the world. It is pleasantly written, and this edition has the further attraction of woodcut illustrations.

GLANCES AT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

OWING to some defective management, our expected packet from Germany has not reached us in time; being thus in possession of part only of our desired information, we have, in order not to disappoint our readers, combined it with intelligence obtained from other sources among our contemporaries. We may pronounce the most interesting work which has appeared since our last communication, to be the correspondence between Mme. Von Arnim and her brother—written when the former was about eighteen; it is said to be beautiful in parts, and more answering to public expectation than her later book "To the King," which was found by many more eccentric in style and fancy than pleasing in thought or sentiment. Associated as it is with the correspondence with Goethe, and her still more curious translation of the same, her name is alone sufficient to secure a hearing for her; even in England, generally so ignorant of German literature, it is welcomed as that of one who has deeply interested us. Whatever the difference of opinion as to her former works, we have as yet heard no objections urged against this new one; on the contrary, all seem to be of one mind in lauding its great merits. Another much-read work is the latest of Mme. Hahn Hahn, her *Eastern Travels* in three volumes. It would seem that they have been extended to no inconsiderable length—while at the same time the curiosity, or we may indeed say the natural expectations, called forth by the well-known talents of this author, have been but little gratified; in fact, they seem to contain nothing beyond the ordinary journalism of a traveller of average powers of observation; however, our present limits necessarily confine us to the mere mention of these things, and consequently prohibit us from entering into any thing like an analysis of the distinctive merits of any work. Another book of travels, by Theodor Mùgger, in the North of Europe, has been very differently received, some esteeming it highly for its spirited pictures of manners, politics, &c., in Norway, others pronouncing it to be so dull, heavy, and wearisome, as to be a penance to read. Not having perused the work, we are unable to decide amidst such conflicting opinions.

H. König, whose *Veronica* and other novels we formerly alluded to, has written *Die Hohe Braut*, which without possessing any striking marks of distinction, will hold an equal position with his former productions. Among the loads of trash which, in Germany as everywhere else, are poured almost daily from the press, *Die Welt und Mein Auge* of B. Paoli, may be noticed, as one among the few deserving of time and attention.

Many poets of Germany are devoting themselves to the theatre, which, though flourishing when compared with the state of our own stage, seems not to be what it once was. Nevertheless, this cannot result from a want of dramatists. Grillparzer indeed now writes but rarely, but others, as Halm and Geibel, continue their efforts in this branch of literature. The *King Roderic* of the latter, though well received on the stage, is much condemned in the closet as an undertaking quite beyond the author's powers. As a poet he has always been highly esteemed. Halm's latest drama, *Sampiero*, is spoken of as one of his happiest productions. Prutz, one of young Germany's liberals, has written a drama, *Moritz von Sachsen*, performed once at Berlin with such success, that to hush the echo it found in the popular feelings it has been judged advisable to put an immediate stop to it. He was a contributor to the *Hallische Jahrbücher*, a periodical suppressed shortly after its birth, or rather blended with another, the founder of which, Dr. Theodor Echtermeyer, we see is lately dead. A tragedy of Gottschall, *Robespierre*, is well spoken of. A late number of the *Freihafen* contains a lengthened analysis of it, from which it would appear that it exhibits great powers of imagination and profound sentiment, but the drama itself we have not read. We believe it has not yet been performed. Among other dramatic writers Mme. Birehpfeiffer is one who mostly devotes her talents to dramatizing successful novels, and in this questionable branch of authorship she is both very prolific and very successful. The dramas of Rückert, *Herod*, in two parts, and *Henry IV.*, are still the subject of much discussion in the theatrical and poetical world. Several collected editions of works have lately appeared—one of which is Mme. Hahn's novels, which seem to be more read than those of any other author in Germany. She has evidently struck a sympathetic chord in the minds of her readers. Another is the collected works of Kuffner, an author who has attempted several branches of literature with various success. This edition is well spoken of, but he is too little known to obtain for it a wide circulation. Again, we have the dramatic, poetic, and narrative productions of Aufsenberg; and a selection from Schelling's works; this is by some most thankfully received, as filling a void long felt by many of his admirers. A valuable work is now appearing from the pen of the poet Uhland, a collection of old popular songs; and Van der Hagen is at present employed upon a very amusing and interesting compilation, a series of tales, legends, &c., of the middle ages.

A work which will interest the English readers of German is a translation of the *Canterbury Tales* by Edward Fiedler, which is said to be performed with great truth and vigour. In poetry there have appeared numerous editions of Herwegh, Geibel, Rückert, Uhland, Freiligrath, and others. The poems of D'eeg, an author but little known, even in his own country, are gradually working their way in the estimation of the world.

Paris offers but few new publications—little in poetry, and less in history; even in novels there is nothing that excites peculiar curiosity or wonder.

A "*Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, by M. Jules Simon, is reviewed at some length in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, containing an excellent, though necessarily brief, view of the changes of philosophy in Alexandria, which we found very interesting. This work of M. Simon is by no means one of the least important results of the historical movement in France. Though great research has been devoted to so many monuments of antiquity, Alexandria seems to have been almost wholly neglected—nearly twenty years have elapsed since Cousin edited *Proclus*, and gave the world some other labours of a similar nature; this, almost the first step in a most fruitful field of inquiry, had been followed only by two works of any note on the same subject, and those by no means answering the claims of history—we allude to the publications of M. Matter and M. Berger; the latter simply a treatise on the doctrine of *Proclus*. Under these circumstances, this hitherto

admirable result of M. Jules Simon's labours has been doubly welcome. The above-mentioned *Revue* observes—

"With philosophic reflection, and a style of the first excellence, we have here a great and long-desired exposition of a system at once unequalled for grandeur and originality, and without which it is impossible to account for the important part Alexandria has performed in the advancing world; its memorable struggles so long sustained against the rising church; the influence it exerted on the development of Christianity; in short, the deep-buried causes which, after exalting it so high, afterwards reduced it so low * * * * If our author can be reproached with favouring the Alexandrians, when he exposes their doctrines, and gives them credit for more originality than in truth they can lay claim to, it must, at the same time, be recognized that he is at once just and severe when he investigates and estimates the proper value of their speculations. This has been the most difficult part of his task; and let us acknowledge that, in whatever regards Alexandrian mysticism, he has acquitted himself as few others could have done; in fact, with a solidity and depth equally remarkable."

The tendency of M. Jules Simon to the new German philosophy, or rather to a combination of Schelling and Hegel, has given a tone to his work which assuredly does not weaken it; in short, it may be named as one of great utility in its object, and of equal excellence in its execution.

We may remark, as a feature of the times, the extreme self-worship of authorcraft. To this universal monomania, we must ascribe the fact that authors now-a-days so frequently publish magnificent editions of their own collected works. *Après* of this, a foreign journal has remarked:—

"Let it be said without ill-feeling, but when we see such astonishing self-love expended by an author upon his often very questionable works, when we see him gather together with such care every page over which his pen has passed, anxious that no one word shall be lost, and then consecrate to himself an elegant monument of vellum, we cannot refrain from casting a thought upon Shakespeare, dying careless alike of his genius and of posterity, leaving the precious master-pieces of his heart and brain free to the sports of the winds, as if they were indeed none of his, and the winds have dispersed them so well, that they are everywhere."

We were led to these reflections by the publication of several complete editions of this nature, the writings of men whose names will most probably never exist beyond their own time. Such are the *Adieux* of M. Latouche. This gentleman offers us, as an apology we presume, assurances that he has merely composed poetry as an amusement for his leisure hours; but, unfortunately, disappointed readers little heed excuses of this nature when a book is deliberately sent forth for their perusal. M. Lefèvre, different in style but not higher in value, unlike the former, has, he declares, devoted his life to the cultivation of the muse and presents an enormous volume to the world as the result of his meditations.

But the condemnation of indifferent and unimportant works such as these is hardly worthy of our time and space. Let us refer to a most interesting account of one of Italy's best but to foreigners least known poets, who has but recently died, Jacopo Leopardi, an account of whom we find in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in youth distinguished by his uncommon devotion to classical pursuits, and his early though meritorious publications. Leopardi was born in 1798 near Ancona, of parents illustrious by birth, and the father in no slight degree eminent in literature. Before twenty, he had, somewhat in the spirit of Chatterton and Macpherson, published a supposed translation of an imaginary Greek hymn, which, aided by the notes he added to give probability to his imposition, deceived many, even among the learned. His first poetical efforts, on the almost worn-out subjects of Dante, the lost glory of his country, &c., were dedicated to Monti, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer; and, though labouring under the disadvantages of treating what so many has treated admirably before him, they yet evinced power and energy in no ordinary degree. Later in life, as his genius was developed and asserted its originality, he was often compared to Arndt, Henry, Kleist, and Körner; at least, the spirit of a country's oppression, breathing mournfully and despairingly from him as from them, may have given rise to a comparison which we hardly think a close examination of their characteristics, some of them essentially national, would justify. We may class the tone of his writings, though himself much younger in years, as appertaining to the

advancing movement of Italy, then evident in Manzoni, Caro, and Berchet.

It has been remarked, that though nominally one of the school of Alfieri, Foscolo, and Manzoni, he seemed to unite with their elegance and simplicity the power and nervous vigour of the Frugoni school; of which we may observe that Cesarotti and Monti were followers. About the year 1820, his mind began to exhibit that tendency towards sceptical philosophy of which his earlier works had given no suspicion. By some this has been ascribed to physical causes alone, his health becoming much deranged, and deformity being the result, which, again reacting on his system, rendered him in his prime the victim of disease, and sent him to an early grave at the age of nine-and-thirty. From the time of his death his faithful friend Ranieri has been occupied in preparing an edition of his works, which, however, has not yet appeared. They consist chiefly of poems, of which the first collection, published at Bologna, contains many of great beauty, but they are, we believe, very little known here. Germany, with its numberless translations, has already long been in possession of them, but we are not so prolific in this respect.

This Review also contains an article upon "Ellen Middleton," a novel which every one must remember to have passed the ordeal of criticism in England. It seems in France to be regarded somewhat more seriously than by us, seeing that they find in it an evidence of the tendency of our upper classes towards Catholicism. We regret that we cannot refer more particularly to it, as it has for us an interest of a peculiar nature, but our limits forbid.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MISS BASSANO.—On the 8th instant this clever young vocalist made her *debut* on the Italian stage at Varese, a town within twenty miles of Milan, the autumn residence of the Milanese noblesse. The part she selected was that of *Amina*, in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, and so decided was her success that she was called no less than twelve times before the curtain to receive the enthusiastic congratulations of the audience. Her acting surprised as well as delighted; a new talent was developed for which previously no one gave the young lady credit. Miss Bassano studied for some years in the Royal Academy of Music, under the tuition of Crivelli. She was enabled to leave her duties at home, for the purpose of studying the art of dramatic singing in Italy, through the generous patronage of her Majesty the Queen Dowager and Sir Andrew Barnard, who has always been her warm friend and liberal patron.

Mr. Rook, the composer of the successful opera *Amelie*; or, *Love Test*, is now busily engaged in arranging a new opera, for the purpose of introducing one of his most distinguished pupils. The young lady possesses a remarkably fine soprano voice, with considerable professional accomplishments as well as personal attractions, and is likely to be a very successful competitor for public favour.

MEYERBEER is at Dresden. He has completed three operas, one of which, *Le Prophète*, was composed for the Académie, in Paris. This the author will not allow to be produced until competent representatives of the three principal parts be secured by the management of the institution. One of the operas is composed for the opera at Berlin, and will be given during the present year. Spontini is at Berlin, and the *Vestale* will be shortly represented in his honour. Miss Bassano is to appear at Varese, a town about five-and-twenty miles from Milan, on the 8th of Oct. in the *Sonnambula*. She has had two offers of engagements at St. Petersburg, both of which she has refused, determined for the present to push her fortunes on the Italian stage. Charles Filtch is still at Venice. It is to be regretted that the state of his health is any thing but satisfactory. The poor little fellow is not allowed to touch the pianoforte, or to turn his attention in any way to music.—*Musical Examiner*.

ART.

Lectures on Painting and Design. By B. R. HAYDON, Historical Painter. With Designs drawn by himself on Wood, and engraved by EDWARD EVANS. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

THE Lectures, of which seven are published in this volume, were first delivered by Mr. HAYDON at the London Mechanics' Institution, in the year 1835. They

were afterwards repeated to the Royal Institution, the University of Oxford, and in all the great towns of the North, everywhere attracting numerous audiences, and being received with immense applause. They have been carefully revised by the author for the purpose of publication, and profusely illustrated by wood-cuts.

The popularity of these Lectures was, we suspect, mainly owing to their clear, intelligible style, which brought them within the ready comprehension of the unlearned, for they contain nothing very new or very profound. But the principles and the practice of the arts of Painting and Design are developed with so much perspicuity, and so gradually, that the student finds himself fairly over the threshold before he is aware, and the amateur becomes half an artist while scarcely conscious that he is learning a lesson.

The first Lecture is introductory; a discourse upon things in general relating to art and artists. It opens with some sensible remarks upon genius, as a natural gift, essential to greatness in art, without which no industry can accomplish grand works, though industry is necessary to the triumphs of genius.

Mr. HAYDON wisely throws overboard the silly myths by which the invention of the arts is attributed to certain old world personages. This is his notion of the origin of the Fine Arts:—

I shall not plague you or myself with a useless discussion as to where the arts first had origin, whether in India or Egypt, Italy or Greece, before the Flood or after the building of Babel: according to my principle, the very first man born, after the Creation, with such a peculiar and intense sensibility to receive impressions through the eye, on the brain, of the beauty of colour, light and shadow, and form, so as to be irresistibly impelled in his earliest childhood to attempt the imitation of what he saw and felt by lines and colours to convey his innocent thoughts and combinations, in him originated PAINTING!

The very first man who felt more deeply than colour or effect, the beauty of form as an actual substance, and set about imitating what he saw by substance itself, in him originated SCULPTURE.

The very first man again, who received more strongly than either colour or substance, the impressions of sound, in him originated MUSIC.

And lastly, the very first man whose recipient susceptibility to the beauty of form, colour, substance, or sound, was not adapted to receive such exclusive impressions from either, as to be propelled to convey his intellectual associations by their positive imitation; but whose expansive powers preferred words as the most subtle conveyers of thoughts excited by the impressions of things, with all their infinite varieties and shades of difference, past, present, and future, moral and physical, and gave vent to his immortal impressions in measured cadence, in him originated POETRY.

COLERIDGE said that painting was a something between a thought and a thing,—a subtle, but not inapt definition. Mr. HAYDON defines it to be "*the art of conveying thoughts by the imitation of things.*" This appears to us to be unexceptionable. The basis of all art is *form*; and a knowledge of the human form the basis of the knowledge of the forms of all other objects in nature.

Ignorance of *form* he conceives to be the great defect of English art; it is visible alike in our manufactures, in our buildings, in our paintings. We agree with him as to the fact, but has he rightly divined the cause? "It proceeds," he says, "entirely from the manner in which English artists get money before they get knowledge."

It was by the study of form that the sculptors of Greece achieved the miracles of art that have been the admiration of succeeding ages. Their doctrine was "to make every thing used as the instrument of thought in art essentially the perfection of its species; never to depart for the sake of effect from the natural and inherent characteristics of animal or man."

And how did the Greeks acquire their knowledge of form? Differing from all the authorities, Mr. HAYDON contends that they must have done so by dissection, that being, in his opinion, the *only* means by which the needful science can be mastered. He discusses this question at great length, and the first lecture concludes with an energetic appeal in favour of *high art*, for the development of which he deems England to be peculiarly adapted.

If by my efforts I can advance your taste, or refine your feelings for "high art," and prove its connexion with your various callings; if I can rekindle the lost feeling for its national importance, or prove its immense value to manufacture; if I can give you a deeper insight into its eternal principles than can be gathered in the heat, turmoil, and varnish of a spring exhibition, *one* of the great objects of my life will be realized: but remember, nothing will, nothing can, be effectually of use, till Schools of Design be established in the great towns, of which the knowledge, the deepest knowledge of the human figure must be the *corner stone*. Till "high art" has made its legitimate impression in high quarters, and by State support is placed *at least* on a level with portrait: for can it be supposed, that the country which has produced Alfred, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Locke, Watt, Nelson, Wellington, Hogarth, Wilkie, and Reynolds, will not produce men to bear comparison with Raffaele and Phidias, if the principles of encouragement are again put in force which developed their powers, and art become again what it was once in England, an intellectual engine in the hands of the State?

The second Lecture treats of the skeleton as the basis of muscular knowledge, comparing the human with that of the quadruped. In describing the head, Mr. HAYDON impresses upon his readers the importance of studying its shape as an indication of character, the brain being the *cause*, the expression of features the *result*.

The size of the head is a very essential point in regulating the height of your figure; a figure as large and high as the dome of St. Paul's will look essentially short, if his head and hands and feet are large; and a figure twenty inches high will look heroic and tall, if the head and hands and feet be small. In the finest figures, the head in *height* and feet in *length* are the same; in the Apollo, the head is less than the foot. He is a tall god by his *head*, and not too tall in consequence of his feet being the *ordinary proportion* to the other parts of his body. This is a beautiful combination, and evidently intentional: there can be no doubt, if the brain be, as it is, the organ of the soul, that the basis of phrenology is in degree true. There is no doubt in my mind, from perpetual observation, that the intellectual powers, when they exist, lie in the front of the brain; the moral feelings on the top of the brain, and the appetites in the back of the brain.

Further on the lecturer make a curious observation:—

One of the finest examples of preserving beauty, even in maturity, is given in Niobe the mother.

The difficulty was to make her as beautiful as her daughters; to keep up, in fact, the family likeness; and yet, to make her evidently the mother, regard the delicacy and success, the knowledge of nature, and the refined taste, by which this is accomplished.

When the most beautiful women have had large families, there is, after their meridian, a little tendency to double-chin, which is never seen in the braced elasticity of youthful beauty.

To have altered the form of her cheek, to have a little sunk her eyes, to have wrinkled ever so slightly her forehead, would have injured the beauty of her features; but by keeping the form of the face unaltered, and giving a little double-chin, the end was attained; a look of maternity, without ugliness, was given, and beauty still left triumphant, even in age.

Mr. HAYDON concludes his second Lecture with some very just remarks on the bad taste of the English in extending their *love of fact*, so useful in matters of business, to the fine arts:—

Look at our chimney-pieces, what ornaments crowd their beauty?

An endless mixture of indisputable facts! First, there's a bit of the Great Pyramid; then, a brick from the Tower of Babel; next, a drop of the Red Sea in a bottle, and a pebble from the very brook where David got his stone from, which killed Goliath, with certain collateral hints there is a probability this may be the stone. This is not from a love of property, it is not from a selfish desire to accumulate; it is nothing but an intense relish for the indisputable evidence of the existence of celebrated things. Will you believe, I picked up at a stall an old edition of Waller, and in it I found a bit of black paper stuck inside; underneath it was written, "This is a bit of one of the celebrated cartoons at Hampton Court!"

To the same principle he attributes the infantine desire of our countrymen to touch every thing they see, and their veneration for absurd relics. This, too, is the origin of our propensity to abuse and destroy, by such barbarities as carving names, &c. on works of art. A Frenchman would rather cut his name on his own body than disfigure a fine statue, or cut a bit from a celebrated picture. A striking instance of this characteristic of our people was exhibited during the war in Egypt:—

In Egypt, the French remained two years, and preserved a beautiful sarcophagus in one of the Pyramids; the English army had not been two days at Cairo, before orders were issued from head-quarters to prevent English officers and soldiers knocking off bits to carry to their friends.

The third Lecture treats of the muscles, but it is too scientific for extract, and we pass to the fourth, which proposes to lay down laws for the formation of a standard of form. In this the lecturer reviews elaborately the opinions of the established authorities in art, and he concludes with the following energetic and truthful exhortation:—

It seems, at moments of painful musing, as if we had all fallen from a brighter sphere, and passed this life in futile struggles to realize our dreaming remembrances of it! Go to Italy, say all. Why? Did Phidias or Xeuks, Euphranor or Praxiteles, leave Greece? Did Michael Angelo or Raffaele, or Titian or Correggio, leave Italy? Go to Italy! We have the cartoons and Elgin marbles, higher and purer standards than Italy can shew.

I say, stay at home. In Italy every thing has been done: in England, every thing is to do.

Stay in Britain, all ye who glory in enterprise; stay in Britain, and make her greater than Italy!

The fifth Lecture is devoted to *Composition*, which is defined to be "the art of arranging, or the quantities composed of the parts which make up the materials used, to convey to the mind through the eye the story intended."

But, he adds with truth—

Great works by great geniuses have always preceded rules: first came Homer, without rules, and then Aristotle, who laid down rules to produce beauties which Homer conceived without them. But let art or poetry be ever so encumbered or crippled with profound rules, the originality of native genius will never be crippled; there will always be something done which will bewilder critics, and something a great genius will add that was never added before, whilst nature continues to shine with her accustomed splendour, or there is no limit to the variety and power of God.

Still there are *principles* to be observed, dictated by observation of nature; some arrangements of figures are more agreeable to the eye than others. After the choice of subjects, the first point is to have a principal figure; the next is to ascertain the inclination the figure makes in position, taken as a line:—

Whatever be the inclination of the line of the principal figure, or the principal part in that figure, that inclination as a line must be repeated by the inclination of other figures in parallel, but not equal lines, except for a particular purpose. Then, on the principle of contrast, other figures, taken again

as lines, must reverse the inclination of the line of the principal figure; and, by a judicious balance and repetition of one inclination of line against another, always giving the inclined repetition of the principal figure and all its parts the superiority, you will complete your composition in quantities and lines.

This is the basis or anatomy of all arrangement of any given number of objects in painting and sculpture, and applies to every species of art—landscape, animals, portrait, still life, sea-painting, designs for the artizan, or in any style or department where more than one object is to be arranged,—and for High Art above all other art.

The next step is to settle the groups or masses, and the lecturer's instructions for this portion of the painter's art are very minute and valuable. He warns the student against a prevalent delusion as to the meaning of simplicity, which is too often an excuse for avoiding the difficulties of art. Another hint deserves attention:—

Let your colour be exquisite, let your light and shadow be perfect, let your expression be touching, let your forms be heroic, let your lines be the very thing, and your subject be full of action,—you will miss the sympathy of the world, you will interest little the hearts of mankind, if you do not lay it down as an irrefutable law, that no composition can be complete, or ever will be interesting, or deserve to be praised, that has not a beautiful woman, except in a series.

This was the secret of Raffaele and Correggio's magic over our hearts; and be assured it is the truest, the deepest, and the most delightful principle, and one in which I defy refutation, for it applies to our convictions at once, that a picture without a beautiful woman is, and must be, in opposition to all the sympathies of mankind, especially in an art the object of which is to instruct by beauty.

Another cunning and touching secret of Raffaele's and Correggio's power over us, was that, in every face of a beautiful woman they painted, they gave a tender air of sympathy and love. So that in most of Correggio's and Raffaele's women, if you clear all the figures away but the women, you may, without the least alteration of look whatever, put a lover declaring his passion on his knee, and you will find the expression in the woman's face do exactly.

(To be continued.)

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Edited by GEORGE GODWIN and LEWIS POCOCK, Esqrs. and illustrated by Outlines and Woodcuts from the designs of HENRY C. SELOUS, Esq. London, 1844. M. M. Holloway.

WHEN, in former numbers of this Journal, we urged upon the committee of the Art-Union of London the desirability of annually offering a premium for the best set of illustrations of some British author, we foresaw that, were this recommendation adopted, not only should we get superior designs for dissemination among the classes who mostly need them, but that our publishers would find their interest closely identified with that of the Arts, and therefore we might hope for greatly improved editions of such works as the successful competitors may have embellished.

The event, in the first, and, as yet, the only instance, has amply realized this expectation; and we have now before us a book highly creditable to all parties concerned in its production, and far superior to any edition of the same work which has hitherto been published.

Perhaps the entire range of our literature embraces no work which more abounds in rapid incident and pictorial imagery of a spiritualized kind than does the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Yet, notwithstanding this profusion of artistic material, he who attempts to illustrate BUNYAN enters upon a nice and difficult undertaking. Next after the holy purpose it was intended to serve, which burns in every line from the beginning to the end of this beautiful allegory, the most striking qualities which distinguish it are originality of conception and wonderful fertility of imagination. To embellish it, then, adequately, the artist had need of a fancy as prolific and unsubjugated by conventionalities as was that of the author himself. Having to embody abstractions and things preternatural, he has, above all, the arduous task to

accomplish of preserving in every scene the heroic and spiritual; and this is the more difficult when, as is here the case, the writer, moving rapidly to his mark, is more suggestive than particular; and, consequently, leaves much to the imagination. From these circumstances it must be evident that unusual talents are necessary for him who shall succeed as an illustrator of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The exquisite designs scattered through this book prove incontrovertibly that Mr. SELOUS is in every way fitted for the task he has undertaken. The same prompt and prolific fancy, the same originality of attitude and composition, the same beauty of form and marking of expression, the same clearness of intention and perfection of drawing which we have already noticed as conspicuous in that series which carried off the premium of the Art-Union (of which these may be termed a continuation) are visible everywhere in these illustrations. Nor are the wood-cuts scattered throughout these pages less remarkable for these qualities, though in some instances they are *overworked* by the engraver.

Exclusive of the frontispiece, and a variety of initial side and tail pieces in wood, this work contains twenty designs. These, with the series furnished to the subscribers to the Art-Union, make a total of forty-two large and elaborate illustrations such as few works in our language have been adorned with.

As it is to these embellishments this edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* owes existence, we have given to them, contrary to the usual custom, priority of notice.

The allegory itself is prefaced by a life of the author by Mr. GODWIN, and a bibliographical notice by Mr. POCOCK, which are deserving of distinct mention.

The memoir of BUNYAN is written in a serious, thoughtful spirit, worthy of the remarkable being it aims to set before the world. We have read many biographies of BUNYAN, but none—not excepting the one by SOUTHEY—conveyed to us so clear an idea of the man as this; nor do we remember that any indicated with such accuracy the changes which took place in his character, and the influences, general and local, which contributed to effect them. Nor is the bibliographical notice less perfect than *the life*. Mr. POCOCK has diligently and patiently laboured at his task; and the result is that he has collected much new and interesting information respecting the probable origin of the allegory, and the early history of the book itself. The discovery of a copy of the first edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the library of Mr. HOLFORD, of Fettering, has enabled Mr. POCOCK, by collating it with the subsequent ones published in the author's lifetime, to shew that many new beauties arose in the mind of the author after his first copy was printed. These alterations and additions are very properly preserved from the risk of loss by insertion in this volume.

Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid to the accuracy and research displayed by both writers in their respective departments, is the fact that we find this edition largely cited in the notes appended to SOUTHEY'S life of BUNYAN, just published by Mr. MURRAY.

It remains to add that the typography, paper, and general getting up of this book are excellent; and, regretting that at present our limited space effectually prevents our indulging in extract, as we otherwise should have done, we cordially recommend this complete edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* to the thoughtful readers of THE CRITIC.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

STANZAS.

Not so, not so! harsh words tho' lightly spoken;
They err who deem me cold to beauty's power;—
Oh! many a fond regret and treasured token,
Recall the hours I've lingered in her bower!

'Tis true, alas! the joys that once could win me
Have not the magic that they used to have;
Dull is the flame that once sprang bright within me,
And Love now chides me as a laggard slave.

But Fame—the babbler—and fond friends have told me
That in thine eyes there dwells a wondrous spell,
Whetting the hearts of those who once behold thee,
Chaining the souls that vainly would rebel.

And when—thus runs the tale—thy potent finger
Sweeps the dumb chords, they have strange power of voice,
And swelling hearts upon each cadence linger,
And sadden, as thou bid'st them, or rejoice.

Yet rashly bold, like one whom fascination
Lures by the charm of beauty to his fate,
I should have joyed to render admiration
To powers like thine, and eyes so passionate.

But no, harsh fortune, who has oft bereft me
Of hope's fair promise, proves relentless yet;
Bright be thy destiny! ah, mine has left me
Nought but a bootless sigh, and long regret.

E.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

SONNET.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINANDERMERE RAILWAY.

(From the *Post*.)

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish: how can they this blight endure?
And must he too his old delights disown
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest-head,
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance!
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong!

Rydal Mount, Oct. 12, 1844.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Let not the above be considered as merely a poetical effusion. The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be overrated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it," exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway will pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by any one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

W. W.

THE CONTROVERSY.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard—
Plain folks in humble plight—
One only tankard graced their board,
But that was filled each night.

Upon whose inner bottom, sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John took at first a moderate sup—
But Joan was not like John—
For when her lips once touched the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
But she cared not a jot—
She loved to see that angel there,
And therefore drained the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he played,
And where the angel stood so plain,
He had a devil portrayed.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet still she stoutly quaffed,
And when her lips once touched the ale,
She cleared it at a draught.

John stood with wonder petrified,
His hair stood on his pate,
"And why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At that enormous rate?"

"Oh, John!" she said, "I'm not to blame,
I can't in conscience stop—
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the devil a drop."

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN IRON LIFE-BOAT.—About twelve months ago a subscription was raised at Havre for the construction of an iron life-boat, by M. Lahure. This boat, being finished, was a short time ago submitted to trial in the presence of a committee ap-

pointed for the purpose, who declared it to be perfect, and consequently it is now placed at the port for service, in case of need. It is built of cast-iron sheets, is twenty-six feet three inches in length, and five feet three inches in breadth. The reservoir of air is divided into three compartments, perfectly distinct from each other, so that any accident happening to one of them would not destroy its buoyancy. Self-acting valves let in or out such quantities of air as may be required to preserve its equilibrium, according to the weight with which it may be charged, and by means of a water-proof cloth, so arranged as not to confine the motions of the rowers, excludes the possibility of its being swamped by shipping water.

KEEPING FOWLS IN WINTER.—A correspondent of a New York paper says—"I have had a large number of eggs the last winter, from following in part the advice I have seen in your and other papers. I have kept my fowls in a warm place, have given them as much grain as they wanted, always keeping it where they could get it when they wished; having also a box containing gravel, lime, and ashes, which they could pick at or roll in, and furnishing them with graves or scraps, which is a substance obtained in large quantities from the melting association of this city. Of this substance they are extremely fond, and it made them lay prodigiously. Animal food appears to be so essential to fowls while laying, that I shall never pretend hereafter to keep fowls in the winter without it."

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

We have received many communications on the subject of cheap new books, mooted in our last. Some experienced booksellers inform us, that they doubt the practicability of the plan; because, they argue, none but the best books would command a sale sufficient to remunerate at a low price, and such books can command a very large circulation at their present high prices; so that they would gain nothing, but would lose rather, by the reduction. The only books that yield no profit at the existing prices are those which could not hope for any great sale at the cheapest prices.

There is much good sense in this, and doubtless it would be applicable to numerous classes of works that do not pass into general circulation. But we are still inclined to think that if novels, books of travels, and such like, were to be published in the first instance at the same prices as in France, viz. about eighteen-pence or two shillings a volume, they would find a remunerating sale, because it would cost a mere trifle more to buy them outright than the reader now pays for borrowing them from a circulating library. We should like to see the experiment fairly tried by some popular novelist, as BULWER, or DICKENS, or Mrs. GORE. We are confident that if a new work by either of these were to be printed in the inexpensive size and shape of the French novels, and sold at 1s. or 1s. 6d. per volume, the sale would be so enormous, that the profits both of publisher and author would be much greater than now.

The reprints of novels in such works as COLBURN's *Library*, &c. are no test, because they have been already read by nine-tenths of the novel-reading public, and few care to read a novel a second time, or to buy it *after* it is read. We would try whether it would not be bought to be read.

It will be observed that Mr. KNIGHT is including some original works in his Weekly Volumes; and Mr. MURRAY, in his *Home and Colonial Library*, is doing the same. It will be interesting to learn how far the plan prospers; but even if it should fail in these works, it would not be a case in point to our argument, because the *original* works that have appeared in these collections are not by authors who have already achieved popularity. The test will be to compare the sale of the book in its cheap form with that which, from their experience, the publishers would have calculated upon their commanding had they been published at the usual prices, and by how much *they* have exceeded in sale that which, in another shape, they would have had, it might be calculated that by so much at the least the sale of a good book by a popular author would exceed in the one form its sale in the other.

We repeat, that upon this, as upon any other topic of interest to publishers and booksellers, we shall be happy to receive and circulate their views. Hitherto they have had no public organ for the diffusion of their intelligence and the advocacy of their interests. This journal supplies to them the medium for intercommunication which they have so long needed; for it is intended to be a journal of Literature and of

all connected with it; and, as such, whatever concerns them will be welcome to its columns.

We learn from the United States that the coming conflict for the Presidency will have a most important bearing upon the interests of literature at home. Mr. CLAY and his party are in favour of an international copyright, and, should he be elected, there is little doubt that a law for its establishment will be enacted in America. Should this great act of justice be effected, vast benefits will result to our authors and booksellers, whose works, now pirated as soon as they appear, would be protected, and consequently enjoy a large sale throughout the Union.

Below, we have extracted from the *Literary Gazette* a list of the works promised by the various publishers for the ensuing season. To our readers not the least interesting information will be the announcement of another Christmas tale by CHARLES DICKENS!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMPBELL THE POET.—We are happy to learn that the late lamented poet, Thomas Campbell, left among his papers a memoir of his own life, a number of letters, and some unpublished pieces of poetry. These are now in the possession of Dr. William Beattie. Dr. Beattie's regard for the fame and memory of his friend will, we have no doubt, insure a proper use and selection of such posthumous materials. The early letters of the poet, written after the publication of the *Pleasures of Hope*, recording his impressions of Germany, his account of the battle of Hohenlinden, and other scenes of war and tumult which he chanced to witness in his youthful rambles, would be particularly valuable, and should, if possible, be recovered. The prose style of Campbell, in his best days, was clear, pointed, and picturesque; and after his first flush of success his spirits were buoyant, and his mind teemed with fine conceptions and poetical visions. These, blended with actual occurrences and new impressions in strange scenes and countries, must have rendered his correspondence highly striking and spirited.—*Inverness Courier*.

FRENCH PRINTS.—A question of some importance to printers and publishers has recently been raised by the customs officers, with respect to the duty to be charged on prints published in France, and accompanied by letter-press illustrative of the different engravings. A case, containing upwards of fifty numbers of a work executed in France, illustrative of the Chateau d'Eu, and of her Majesty's recent visit to the King of the French (being, it is understood, a copy of the album presented by Louis Philippe to the Queen, on the occasion of his return visit at Windsor Castle), each number containing six engravings, and accompanied by two pages of letter-press in the English language, descriptive of the prints, having recently been detained by the officers, as liable to the duty of five per cent. as books, it being considered that, being bound slightly together, or rather stitched, as it is termed, and accompanied by a descriptive account, destroyed their claim to being termed simply prints, and gave them the character of books. Orders have been issued for the same to be delivered as prints, the letter-press being merely descriptive of them, duty free; and directions have been given to the officers to govern themselves in all future instances where the letter-press is simply descriptive of the engraving, and does not contain any historical or statistical account, accordingly.

In consequence of the hint thrown out in our last number as to the tendency of a periodical literature, three or four eminent authors have called to say that they are ready to co-operate with an enterprising publisher in the bringing out second and third editions of their works at the lowest possible rate.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—A number of Roman antiquities have lately been discovered at Bavay (Nord). Among them are a gold medal of Vespasian, with the legend "T: Cæs: Div: Vesp.—F. Aug: P: M: Tr: PP: Cos VIII:." on the reverse, "Gens Batavorum Amici et Fratres Romani Imperii." A large silver medal of Domitia, bearing on the reverse, "Divi Caesaris Mater." It represents a female standing at an altar, offering sacrifice. A medal of Domitian, with the legend, "Imp: XIII: Cos XIII:—Cens: P: P: 2." It represents a warrior standing on the prow of a galley with an owl at his feet. There are also several medals of the ordinary size, in gold and silver, of Caligula, Nero, Vespasian, Domitian, Trajan, and other emperors. There is also a statuette in bronze of Harpocrates, represented as a half-naked child, having a scarf falling from the right shoulder over a part of his body to the left side. On the head is the lotus, on the back a quiver, and on the shoulders wings. On the right arm is a small cruse suspended by the handle, while the fore-finger is placed on the lips. With the left hand he leans on a knotted staff, round which a serpent entwines. Near him is a bird resembling a goose, at his feet a hare or rabbit, and on his left a hawk. Harpocrates was not only the

emblem of Silence, but also of the Sun, worshipped by the pagans.

The articles in the *Quarterly Review* in favour of the Czar and his policy, are said to be from the pen of the Russian minister, Baron Brunow.—*Church and State Gazette*.

WISE BEQUEST.—Mr. Dick, a native of Forres, in Morayshire, was born in 1743. He went to the West Indies, where his talents and industry soon enabled him to amass a large fortune. He returned to England, and dying in 1828, left a capital of 113,147l. sterling to be invested as a fund for increasing the salaries of schoolmasters in the three counties of Moray, Banff, and Aberdeen. Here is a lesson for foolish men how to leave their money wisely.—*Tait's Magazine*.

Mr. Murray's list of announcements for the approaching publishing season is of goodly promise. We select the most prominent from the present catalogue:—

Correspondence and Despatches of the great Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712, edited by Sir G. Murray: in six 8vo. volumes, uniform with the *Wellington Despatches*. Memoirs and Correspondence of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, arranged and edited by his Son, Hudson Lowe, esq. Memoirs of Father Matteo Ripa, during Thirteen Years' Residence at Pekin; with an Account of the Foundation of the College for the Education of Young Chinese at Naples, by Fortunato Prandi. Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Seas during the Years 1839-43, by Capt. Sir J. C. Ross. Correspondence of the Right Hon. Richard Hill, Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of St. James to the Duke of Savoy in the Reign of Queen Anne, edited by the Rev. W. Blackley, B.A. Life of the Great Condé, by Lord Mahon. England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings, from the German of Dr. J. M. Lappenberg, Keeper of the Archives of the City of Hamburg, by B. Thorpe, F.S.A. Life of the late Lord Hill, by the Rev. E. Sidney, A.M. Hawkestone: a Tale of and for England in 184-. The Legends of Saints and Martyrs, as illustrated by Art, from the Earliest Ages of Christianity to the present Time, by Mrs. Jameson. The Theogony of the Hindoos, with their System of Philosophy and Cosmogony, by Count Björnsterna.

Messrs. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans' list is, as might be expected, an important one, including

The History of Society in England during the Middle Ages, by T. Wright, Esq.—1. The Peasant, or Serf; the Clan attached to the Soil.—2. The Feudal Lord, or Master of the Soil.—3. The Parasite Class, or Class which lived on the Superfluities of the Feudal Lord.—4. The Burgher, or *Tiers Etat*.—5. The King.—6. The Clergy. A Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Taxation and the Funding System, by J. R. McCulloch, esq.; and by the same able hand, The Literature of Political Economy; being a Classified Catalogue of the principal Works in the different departments of Political Economy, interspersed with Historical, Critical, and Biographical Notices. Ranke's History of the Reformation, translated by Sarah Austin. On landed Property and the Economy of Estates, comprehending the Relation of Landlord and Tenant, by Mr. David Low. Travels in India, &c. by Capt. L. von Orlich; translated from the German, by H. E. Lloyd. Moore's Irish Melodies, with 154 Designs, by D. MacLise. The History of Great Britain, from the earliest period to the Norman Conquest, by the Ven. Archdeacon Williams. A new View of Insanity; the Duality of the Mind proved, &c. by Dr. L. A. Wigan. The Collegian's Guide; or, Faithful Pictures of College Life, by an M.A. of five years' experience at Oxford. The third and concluding volume of the Correspondence of John fourth Duke of Bedford. The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, &c. to his Capture and Execution, by G. Roberts. Professor Owen's Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons in 1844. Recent Improvements in Arts, Manufactures, and Mines: being a Supplement to his "Dictionary," by Dr. Ure. The Betrothed Lovers, translated from the Italian by Anna Mary Howitt. The Keepsake for 1845, and The Book of Beauty for 1845, both edited by the Countess of Blessington; also Cattermole's Historical Annual. Sir James Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works, collected by his Son. Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems, by Alaric A. Watts. Napoleon: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books. The Lady's Country Companion; or, How to Enjoy a Country Life rationally; by Mrs. Loudon.

Mr. Bentley, who has of late been publishing more than any of his contemporaries, and, as our columns shew, some works very creditable to our literature, has further announced:—

Agincourt; an Historical Romance, by G. P. R. James, and a subject worthy of his pen. Two concluding volumes of the Earl of Malmesbury's valuable Historical Diaries and Correspondence. The Deerbusts, a Novel; and the Chevalier, from the popular pen of Mrs. Thomson. Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third, edited with Notes, by Sir Denis Le Marchant,

Bart. Married at Last; a Novel, by the author of "The Busy Body." Homes and Haunts of the English Poets. Anecdotes of Dogs, by Mr. Jesse. The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield (many original), now first collected and edited, with Notes, &c. by Lord Mahon. Hampton Court; an Historical Romance. The completion of M. Thiers's History of the Empire and Restoration; and the World of Wonders, edited by Albany Poyntz.

Mr. Colburn is also active in the field, and announces the following works:—

M. Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire, translated and edited by Dugald Forbes Campbell, esq. The Despatches and Letters of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas. The Fate and Fortunes of Margaret Catchpole, a Convict. My Adventures during more than Twenty Years, by Colonel Montgomery Maxwell, K.H. (brother of Sir Murray Maxwell), commanding the 36th regiment. The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel, by E. B. G. Warburton, esq. Adventures of an Officer in the service of Runjeet Singh, edited by Capt. Lawrence, Bengal Artillery. Letters of a German Countess, written during her travels in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, &c. And, among the works of fiction: Lady Cecilia Farrencourt, by Henry Milton, esq. author of "Rivalry." The Roman Traitor; a true Tale of the Republic, by the author of "Oliver Cromwell." Hitlingdon Hall; a Tale of Country Life, by the author of "Handley Cross." And the Palais Royal; an Historical Romance, by the author of "Henri Quatre; or the Days of the League."

Messrs. Rivington likewise promise several new publications; we select a few that are almost ready for the press:—

Parochial Sermons, by the Rev. R. W. Evans, author of the "Rectory of Valehead." Tirocinium; or Lectures on Education, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Head-Master of Harrow; intended as a companion to his "Theophilus Anglicanus." A Volume on the Syntax of the Relative Pronoun and its Cognates, by Dr. Alfred Day, of Bristol, illustrated by numerous Latin and Greek Examples. Account of the Writings of Tertullian, by the Bishop of Lincoln (a new edition). An Alphabet of Emblems, in Verse, by the Rev. T. B. Murray, illustrated by numerous Wood Engravings. School Sermons, by the Rev. Dr. Moberly, Head-Master of Winchester. Origines Liturgicæ; or History of Liturgies, by the Rev. William Palmer (new edition).

BOOKS RECEIVED,

From October 12 to 28.

NEW BOOKS.

Songs and Ballads; by J. E. CARPENTER.
Ballads and other Poems; by J. G. WHITTIER.
Sketches of the History of Literature; by G. L. CRAIK. Vol. I.
Osborne's Guide to the Madeiras, West Indies, Mexico, and Northern South America.
Lectures to Farmers on Agricultural Chemistry; by A. PETZ-HOLDT.
Tecumseh. Life of Harrison, &c.; by GEORGE JONES.
Familiar Letters on Chemistry; 2nd Series, by JUSTUS LIEBIG.
Edited by JNO. GARDNER, M.D.
Illustrations of the Law of Kindness; by the REV. G. W. MONTGOMERY.
Elements of Algebra; by A. INGRAM and J. TROTTER.
A Dictionary of the English Language; by A. REED, A.M.
Guide to the Geology of Scotland; by JAS. NICOL.
Elements of Universal History; by H. WHITE, B.A.
Introductory Book of the Sciences; by JAMES NICOL.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Elephant.

PERIODICALS.

The Classical Museum; No. 5.
The Dublin Review for September.

SERIALS.

The Church and the People. No. 1. The Widow of Mitton.

ART.

Portrait of FORBES WINSLOW, ESQ.

MUSIC.

Violets; a Ballad by W. F. THOMAS.

ERRATA.—We are requested to correct some *errata* in the transcript of the passage from Mr. HAWKINS's poem in our last.

In the first quotation,
In line 2, for "unmeasurable" read "immeasurable."
In line 4, for "living host" read "living lost."
In the second extract, the author says the fight of Lucifer and Chaos begins at line 6, the preceding lines being descriptive of some other fighting.
Line 10, for "amply" read "empty."
Line 15, for "but" read "lest."
Line 21, for "burned" read "turned."
Line 33, for "hurled" read "chuted."